PEACE.

General Grant Sleeps at Riverside.

THE END OF THE WAR.

Sherman and Johnston Link North and South at the Tomb.

PALLBEARERS IN BLUE AND GRAY.

Grand Phases of a Vast National Demonstration.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Armed Cohorts March in Sad Array About the Bier.

HONORING A STATESMAN.

Dignitaries of the Land Join the Ranks of the Mourners.

LAMENTING THE MAN.

Impressive Demonstration of Popular Affection and Grief.

FEATURES OF THE GREAT PARADE.

Nearly Fifty Thousand Men in Line—Well Known Faces.

HALF A MILLION ONLOOKERS.

Last Solemn Rites at the Riverside Vault—Salvos of Farewell.

MOURNING ON BOARD THE FLEET.

A more impressive picture than that of General Grant's funeral in this city yesterday was never presented to the American people.

The day was perfect, the arrangements admirable, the city full in sympathy with the occasion, and the occasion the most significant of this quarter of a century, which in itself must ever stand eminent among its fellows.

New York is a city of demonstrations, and delights in popular ovations. Washington, Lafayette, Grant have been honored in times gone by by immense outpourings of grateful and appreciative people. At the head of returning troops successful generals have been multitudinously welcomed. Vast processional tributes have from time to time exhausted the extremest limit of public outflow. Universal interest, as when the Union was in danger, as when the fall of Sumter was announced, as when Lee capitulated, as when Lincoln's assassination struck horror to every heart, as when the living Grant drove through Broadway, has many a time called New York from its homes and packed the streets until passage was impossible, but nothing in recorded history ever equalled the marvellous demonstration made by New York yesterday.

From every State the nation turned its face toward the metropolis. The city's gates were filled with strangers. In honor of a great General a great development was promised. Not a hitch marred the admirable programme, not a mishap, not a blemish annoyed the most exacting professional eye or occasioned a moment's regret. A review of the arrangements suggests no possible improvement in plan, no possible faltering in execution.

THE ELEMENTS IN HARMONY.

Even the day was in harmony with the procedure. The prediction of "local rain and subsequent clearing weather" was fortunately not fulfilled. A brief shower at midnight let up to a morning cooled by saline breezes from the bay so potent as to stir the leaves of all the trees at Riverside and through the Park and the few left along the line of procession, memorable in all future time as being the route over which the most superb pageant, military and civic, known in the history of the country passed on this superb August day. In the earliest hours of the morning the city was astir. Thousands of men sat on stoops, rested on the curb stones, loitered in the parks and made populous all the points of vantage near the rendezvous where dignitaries were to meet, sharing the curiosity of the multitude which crowded about the City Hall concerning the sacred burden soon to be brought from its resting place and taken to its last long home. The hotels of the town were alive. Every corridor on every floor was lined with cots, and strangers doubled up in all the rooms. There was stir and bustle in every armory and at all the points where perfunctory preparations were being made for the grand ceremonial of the day. On every road leading to the city late trains were run at night and extra trains put on early in the morning. Long Branch spent the day in New York, Long Beach was deserted, the sands of Coney Island were pressed by the feet of very few, Glen Island was like a prairie, and all the points of interest in the vicinity which on ordinary Saturdays are crowded with visitors and with men enjoying their half holiday, thronged with women seeking rest and recreation, and with children to whom the breath of fresh air is but a weekly boon, were conspicuously ignored. Of itself the story of preparation is full of interest. There was not a horse in all the stables of the town whose services were not enlisted. Every driver knew the hard day's work before him, and in every home it was distinctly understood that early rising, an early breakfast and an early start was the programme of the day.

A VAST HOST.

Out upon the streets they poured. They came from the north, they rushed from the south, they tramped from the east and rolled in from the west, until the city, already filled to overflowing, was like the oldtime measure spoken of in the Bible, "heaped up and running over." There was no opportunity for hospitality unimproved. Every hotel, every building with offices, every piazza, every store along the line had its share and more of men, women and children anxious to see the sight, themselves, after all, a most interesting and conspicuous feature of the day's disclosure. During the past week New York has had its full share of excitement, each successive development hinging on the central thought that Grant's body was on its way, was here, was to be seen, was seen, was to be buried. The papers printed columns of description, the flags on all the poles were lowered, sombre drapery emphasized the inside mourning, and so far as universality of action could give portraiture to thought and feeling it can be truthfully said the city was at the feet of him who put the nation on its feet now more than twenty years ago. No wonder, then, that public attention, public curiosity, public interest and a public concert of action tended to one all absorbing programme. A man who in his life, starting from nothing, attained the highest eminences, and in the course of a long and useful career brought his country out of danger and planted a nation on the rock of everlasting solidity, after a year of continuous pain and months of never ceasing agony, watched, tended, followed with affectionate interest by all the world, lay dead in the chief building of the town, attended by every possible indication of respect and reverence, guarded by the troops of the nation, the soldiers of the State, the police of the city and comrades from the Grand Army of the Republic he so often led. Toward this point moved countless thousands, the apex of anxiety to see and participate being reached early yesterday, when the sun broke forth in splendor from the eastern sky and the morning stars sank gently to their rest.

WAITING.

What a picture—a mass of silent, waiting men and women!

Through the long hours they stood, patient, watching with unfeigned interest the details preparing under the skilful direction of a man who for all time deserves credit for the marvellous organization which yesterday made memorable to a multitude. To say that anxiety dominated the mind of every chief official in the nation, State and city, would be feebly to indicate the condition of affairs. The pageant itself bade fair to be an aggregation of humanity difficult to handle, while the hundreds of thousands who under any circumstances would stand along the line of march, no matter what the weather, would in all probability on such a magnificent day be enhanced fourfold. How to prepare for this enormous income, how to guard against accident, how to provide for mischance, how to suspend all means of public conveyance with the least possible public inconvenience, how to guard the reputable from the evil, how to protect the city from thieves and rascals of every name, how to secure perfect peace and comfort during the long hours of waiting and the subsequent long hours of processional procedure, how to arrange for the mass which would unquestionably precipitate itself at the two ends of the route—the City Hall and the Riverside tomb—and how, perhaps as perplexing as any, to get the crowds home again. These problems presented themselves to the minds of men in authority. No wonder, then, that anxiety dominated the situation, an anxiety which doubtless contributed largely to the most successful outworking of the day's programme, resulting not alone in a delight to the eye, a treat to the ear and a solace to the heart of the nation, but securing in a manner in every way worthy the peaceful, final repose of the sacred dust of the honored dead.

THE ARRIVING CROWDS.

VAST NUMBERS OF PEOPLE WHO CAME BY THE MORNING TRAINS.

From the matin bells to the noontide the Brooklyn Bridge was the channel of a swollen river of humanity. From the "Angelus" to nearly midnight it contained a mountain torrent, pent and struggling among the rocks. In the morning it flowed to the west, in the evening to the east.

The great highway of travel between the two cities was used as it has never been used before. The railroad ran every car which it was able to send across with safety during the two rushes of travel, but the demand so far exceeded the supply that thousands and tens of thousands who would have liked to ride were compelled to take the footway. Every avenue of ingress was choked with people, struggling as good naturedly as possible to pass the financial picket lines, and the money changers were almost worn out over the rapid interchange of small coin and tickets, the ticket system causing a good deal of delay. But the thorough organization of the system showed itself in the smooth handling of nearly a quarter of Brooklyn's population.

There were no jams on the Bridge, for all were going in a common direction, and all were equally anxious to get along rapidly, whether the goal was the shrine of the Silent Man or the grateful homes of the weary spectators.

The crowds on the Bridge were duplicated on the ferryboats, and there was no complaint of vacant room so long as the rushes of travel continued. The Fulton ferryboats ran their most frequent trips, and they were laden to the guards with black masses of humanity. Of course the crowd always went one way. On the return trips the boats went almost empty.

The gleams of color in the crowd, furnished by the uniforms of soldiers and comrades, with their badges of mourning on arm or lapel, indicated the reason of the great hegira. The civilian passengers looked upon the uniformed ones as objects of solicitude, and in several instances ladies were noticed to rise and insist on the marchers of the day taking their seats.

"You need all the rest you can get," said a patriotic old lady on a Bridge car to a young militiaman with a pale face, who looked little able to stand the strain of a day in the ranks. The young man was about to decline the seat when another man, taking a hint from the old lady's thoughtfulness, arose and gave the place to the youthful soldier.

The Brooklyn "L" road carried more passengers than it has on any other day since it was opened.

INCOMING CROWDS.

The Grand Central Depot never before received such a crowd. Train after train rumbled into the great arch, overflowing with humanity. There was not a minute's lull. With the peep o' day the tide began to sweep into the city. Every train had extra cars. The Springfield express drew up with twelve cars and two locomotives. Each car was full of men, women and children, passengers being seated upon the arms and backs of seats. The platforms resembled those of "L" trains during commission hours. Every train on the Hudson River road, the New Haven road, the Harlem road and every local train was from twenty minutes to half an hour late, the delay being caused by the rush of travel. Twenty thousand excursion tickets were bought through the depot on Friday, and fully half that number of passengers arrived yesterday morning. Many of these were members of Grand Army posts and militia companies. On the outgoing trains yesterday morning the conductors had nothing to do. In some trains there was not a passenger.

THOUSANDS BY THE JERSEY CITY FERRIES.

About thirty trains, of which some fifteen were special, arrived at the Jersey City depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad between the hours of two and half past ten A. M. They averaged ten cars each, and each car averaged about one hundred passengers. The arrivals by trains, therefore, amounted altogether to about 30,000. Between the hours of half past five and half past ten A. M. 2,500 foot passengers crossed every ten minutes on the lines to and from Jersey City, or at the rate of 15,000 an hour and of 75,000 for the five hours. In all 105,000 persons crossed the double ferry that runs to Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets. One of the boat hands said that in the eleven years he had been employed by the company he had never before seen anything like the crowds. The boats to Cortlandt street ran every five minutes instead of every ten, as usual. The number of boats was increased by one. The boats Stockton and Chancellor were pressed into service to carry the extra number of people who crossed on the Desbrosses street ferry.

Thirty patrolmen of the Jersey City police force, under command of Captain Farrier and Sergeants Cox and Wills, were on duty in the ferry house. Notwithstanding the rush there were no arrests for disorderly conduct and no accidents of any kind. The greatest number of troops and veterans came from Philadelphia and neighboring cities. The greatest crowd of civilians came from towns nearer New York. More than twenty thousand people came from Newark alone by the Pennsylvania road. The first train in yesterday morning brought about thirty car loads of passengers from Baltimore and Washington. Among their number were half a dozen G. A. R. posts, who marched over to Taylor's Hotel, opposite the depot, and had breakfast. About four A. M. the train from Philadelphia brought the First regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard and the Anna M. Ross post, G. A. R., from Philadelphia, 500 strong. On the train which arrived at seven A. M. from Washington there were 600 members of G. A. R. posts. About the same time a train from Asbury Park and Long Branch brought in 600 members of the Third regiment of the New Jersey National Guard. At a quarter to nine A. M. another train from Philadelphia brought 300 members of the George G. Meade Post of that city, to which General Grant belonged. Then came the First and Fifth regiments of New Jersey by the Newark train; the Fifth Maryland, from Baltimore; Post No. 182, G. A. R., from Bethlehem; J. Doerum Post, No. 48, from Flemington; Post No. 30, from Princeton; U. S. Grant Post, No. 6, from Philadelphia, and Garfield Post, No. 6, from New Jersey; the First brigade of New Jersey, with the exception of the Ninth regiment, which crossed by the Hoboken ferry to Barclay street, and the second brigade of New Jersey. Four thousand Grand Army men crossed from Jersey City.

The following officials and officers also crossed the Jersey City ferries:—Governor Abbett and staff, General Plume and staff, General Sewell's staff, Commander Nevius and staff, G. A. R.; a G. A. R. post from Syracuse, Colonel McKillip, of the G. A. R.; ex-Governors Ludlow, Parker, Bedle and Price, the New Jersey State officers and committees of the Senate and Assembly of New Jersey. Taylor's Hotel is overcrowded with guests. About a thousand persons took breakfast there yesterday morning. Many applicants for accommodation had to be refused as the hotel could not supply the demand.

CARS OVERFLOWING WITH MOURNERS.

Train after train rolled into the Erie Railroad depot at Jersey City from five o'clock A. M. until ten o'clock. Each pulling engine drew behind it from eight to fifteen coaches with seats, passageways and platforms crowded with passengers. The number of trains on the regular schedule is already so large that it was found unnecessary to put on special trains. Extra coaches were added to the regular trains, however, and every car on the road was made to do service. The great bulk of the passengers came from Port Jervis and stations on this side. The greater number of those coming to New York from more distant points had left their homes on Thursday or Friday, and were already in the city. The total number of passengers brought here over the Erie road in the morning was not far short of twenty thousand. Nearly all of them came merely as spectators. The Grand Army posts and the militia on the line of the road had made the trip the preceding day, and were either in New York or in Jersey City. The only Grand Army post that came over the road yesterday morning was the George G. Meade Post, of Passaic.

The light of early morning had not well broken over the city before the crowds began to arrive at the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad from all parts of the country along the line. The boats of the Liberty street ferry had been ordered to run at intervals of seven minutes, but even under this schedule they were crowded to their utmost capacity. The hackmen outside the ferry gates drove a busy trade. In the language of the ferrymaster, who has been in the service of the company for many years, "Such a crush of travel over the ferry was never known before."

In these crowds of travellers were comparatively few notables, most of those having taken the wise precaution of coming to the city the day before. There were, however, many Grand Army men, some of them legless, armless or otherwise battle scarred. Not a few of them had fought in the battalions led by the silent soldier in the Wilderness, at Vicksburg and at Appomattox. It was a coming forward of the masses of New Jersey to follow in the funeral train of the nation's dead.

The vast concourse of people that thronged both the cars of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and the Hoboken ferryboats was something unparalleled in the history of the road. From early morning until after the hour set for the starting of the procession crowds of people of every station in life passed through the tollgates of the ferryhouses bound for this city. Thousands came by rail road, thousands by horse cars and thousands on foot and in carriages. Men, women and children, militia, army men, Grand Army posts, veterans—all filed by in one continuous, never ceasing stream.

The Buffalo and Oswego express that arrived at five minutes to seven A. M. consisted of nineteen coaches and was divided into two sections. It brought about six hundred passengers. Train followed train, most of them being made up of nine or ten cars, all crowded to the steps.

"How many passengers have come through today? Oh, thousands. It would be hard to say, five or six thousand, perhaps," said the superintendent of the railroad to a HERALD reporter.

FORMING THE LINE.

FITZHUGH LEE GREETS HANCOCK—SOUTHERN COMPANIES MINGLING WITH THE NORTHERN.

Battery place was alive with people at sunrise. Children, women and gray bearded men with umbrellas and lunch baskets sat waiting in the shade of the Barge Office, where General Hancock's troops were to land. The scene was picturesque. The water sparkled and white sails dotted the bay from Stevens' Point to the Narrows. All the street cars were packed and every train on the "L" roads was loaded to its fullest capacity.

Troops were seen embarking at Governor's Island. The big black guns on the flower bordered parapets were silent. Only the muffled drum and the plaintive wailing of music broke the stillness of the green island. Promptly at the advertised hour tugs, steamers and barges reached the stone pier with blue jackets, soldiers and musicians. Policemen and a military detail kept back the increasing crowd which swarmed park and plaza. Officers, men, horses and artillery speedily disembarked. While the various organizations were preparing to fall into line and march General Hancock, with his regular staff, stood in front of the Barge Office entrance.

NORTH AND SOUTH MEET.

While guns, bayonets, regimentals and swords were glittering in the morning sunlight, General Fitzhugh Lee and Major Smith, of his old staff, in civilian's dress, alighted from an "L" train. They had come to join General Hancock's staff.

"Bless me, what are we coming to?" exclaimed a bronzed veteran. "Ex-Confederate cavalrymen going with Union major generals to pay a last tribute at Grant's tomb! Well, the war is ended and Blaine and Jeff Davis are dead at last."

The distinguished visiting Southerners were cordially greeted by General Hancock and his officers. After salutations and a few moments' chat the illustrious company mounted their horses and the march began. A squad of police cleared the street. Then came the Major General and his staff, followed by pioneers with axes and side arms. Next were the battalions of United States troops in fresh uniforms, the naval brigade, marine battalion, blue jackets, infantry, artillery and National Guards, in imposing columns, steadily marching to the roll and beat of muffled drums. Immense crowds lined the sidewalks. Negroes walked between columns with buckets of water. There were ambulances and stretcher bearers, and the crowd continued to increase until City Hall Park was reached. By this time Broadway, as far as the eye could reach, was filled with troops and spectators. The police arrangements were found to be good and Broadway was cleared of spectators from curb to curb at an early hour.

SOLDIERS, YOUNG AND OLD.

From every side street, to the music of fife and drum, with battle flags draped and bows of crape on the left arm, came the veterans of the war and the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Grand Army posts formed on the west side of Broadway, the Department of Pennsylvania having the right of line and its right resting on Duane street. Next came the Department of New York and the other departments, and delegations formed from Fourteenth street up nearly to Forty-second street. Carriages for disabled soldiers were waiting in Canal street.

All the early morning the tramp of soldiers and the mournful strains of the regimental bands were heard as the various regiments marched to the positions assigned them. The east side of Broadway was the scene of the deploy line. When the troops were drawn up in line of parade rest they presented an imposing sight. The regiments of the First division stretched southward down Fifth avenue from Twenty-eighth street, and the remaining troops continued the line down Broadway to the City Hall. At the City Hall there was a division of New Jersey National Guard, looking like regulars in their uniforms of light and dark blue; the Veteran Zouaves were shoulder to shoulder flanked against them. Company D, First Minnesota Guard, Captain Hean, with left resting below Grand street, was next in the order of line, with the Capitol City Guards, left resting on Grand street, next. The Union Veteran Corps, Captain A. E. Thomason, of the District of Columbia, rested on the right of the Capitol City Guards.

At Broome street there was a battalion of four companies of Virginia State troops and the First regiment of Massachusetts infantry—two bodies that during the war would have been fighting each other to death, but which were now joined in brotherhood. Another similar contrast was next in line—the Second regiment of Connecticut National Guards, below Prince street, and the State City Guard of Atlanta, Ga.—which, with the two preceding troops, made a picture of blue and gray.

Then came the Second division of the State National Guard, left resting on Bleecker street, with companies of veteran guards, composed of the race the hero had fought to free, their left resting on Eleventh street. Following them on the way up town were the Columbia Guard, the Garibaldi Legion, the Italian Rifle Guard, the Columbo Guard, the Second company Washington Continental Guard, the Tenth regiment New York Volunteer Veterans, the Veteran Zouave Association and the Veteran Association 165th New York Volunteers. The Governor's Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn., and the First division of the State National Guard completed this front of soldiery.

THE CARRIAGE DIVISION.

The pallbearers and other distinguished persons met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Carriages waiting for them were drawn up in Twenty-third street. President Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary of State Bayard, left his rooms, Nos. 82 and 83 on the third floor, at ten o'clock, and the two took seats in the carriage that awaited them at the Twenty-third street entrance. The six bay horses which drew it only moved a few feet forward and then waited for two hours for the funeral car to pass. The sun poured down so fiercely that the President was obliged to leave the carriage after half an hour and to wait in the hotel. The spectators took off their hats as he passed among them.

Lieutenant Colonel Gillespie, the marshal of the Presidential and Gubernatorial carriages, had a difficult task before him. There was some trouble in getting ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur placed in the proper carriages. Twice they were changed, and at last were seated together in a carriage that stood in front of the Eden Musée. At one side of them was Governor Hill's staff, mounted. Vice President Hendricks and his secretary waited in a carriage directly in front of the hotel entrance.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED MOURNERS.

The broad pearl sash of Colonel Gillespie was seen moving ceaselessly up and down and in and out between the horses, until at last the carriages were massed in three lines down the street. President Cleveland's Cabinet in five carriages were on the north side of the street. At the other side, drawn together in hopeless confusion, were a number of carriages containing Mrs. Rawlins Holman, the daughter of General Grant's old friend and chief of staff; the General's old staff and his Cabinet officers, detachments from Wheeler and U. S. Grant posts and survivors of the Mexican War. Down the centre line were judges of the Supreme Court, United States Senators, with white silk sashes over their shoulders, and the House committee, in a score of carriages. Down near Sixth avenue were the committee of the State Legislature, the members of the Cabinets of ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur, and the diplomatic and consular officers under General Grant. In the lines up and down Sixth avenue were the Governors and their staffs of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Indiana, Illinois, Maine, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, West Virginia, Colorado and Dakota.

On Twenty-third street, beyond Sixth avenue, were the heads of the War and Navy departments, Generals Sheridan and Merrill and Admiral Jouett and Commander Chandler and staffs, and a large number of federal officers, including the Indian Commissioners.

On Seventh avenue were the carriages containing the Mayors of Brooklyn, Boston, St. Louis, Jersey City, New Haven, Hartford, Elizabeth, Hudson and Litchfield, Conn., and the Committee of One Hundred.

SUNRISE AT RIVERSIDE.

MOURNING SIGNS IN THE FLEET—THE EARLY CROWDS—MAKING THE TOMB READY.

The rays of the rising sun had not pierced the dampened vapors clinging in the air when the boom of morning guns on the fleet anchored in the Hudson River, off the bluff at Riverside, gave notice of the day's mournful business, and on the six United States vessels thenceforth there was bustling life throughout the day. Here the first sounds which broke the stillness about the future resting place of General Grant's remains were heard. The shrill pipe of the boatswain on board each vessel meant "All hands on deck, ahoy!" and the sailors were aware that at such a time in the morning it denoted the ceremony of cockbilling the yards, the mariner's sign of grief for the dead. Up from the forecastle they came in a stream, and upon the after decks were grouped the officers who were to direct the manœuvre. The executive officer of each man-of-war gave the order to "cockbill the yards." Next came the command, "Stand by your gear!" Then, "Sway!"

THE YARDS DIPPED.

At this command almost in unison the yards on each vessel were dipped, the fore yard a to port, the main yards to the starboard side, and there made fast. The colors at the peak were dropped to half mast, and the men were "piped down" to don their uniforms of mourning. It consisted of a white cape, white jacket and black trousers, which were worn throughout the day of the burial.

In half an hour there came from one of the portholes of the Despatch, which headed the line, a puff of white smoke, followed on the instant almost by the roar of the gun. It echoed on the high rocky walls of the tree crowned Palisades across the river, rolled back and forth and passed away among the distant hills like the rumble of reverberating thunder. Thenceforward until ten o'clock one gun every half hour measured the passing movement of time. When the hour of the departure of the procession from City Hall Park arrived the Despatch began firing twenty-one guns at intervals of a minute. The Powhatan followed, and each vessel's crew took it in turn at the cannons, each firing two minute guns until the procession arrived. The billows of smoke rolled from the open ports, and the fleecy white sulphurous clouds lolled on the river's bosom until the gentle morning air carried them slowly away southward.

WAR SHIPS AND PLEASURE BOATS.

Soon the sun, rising higher in the heavens, shone brilliantly down on the line of ships. They formed a pretty sight as they lay at anchor one below the other, their clean, bright metal reflecting the warmth of the sun. Heading the line was the Despatch. At her foretop fluttered the ensign of Admiral Jouett. In close order following were the Powhatan, Omaha, Swatara, Alliance and the revenue cutter U. S. Grant. At the stern of each vessel floated a little steam launch for the use of the officers. At ten o'clock the excursion boats began to arrive. The Plymouth Rock brought down 350 passengers from Peekskill; the C. A. Fean a like number from Yonkers, the Alpine 250 from the same village, and the Pleasant Valley and Fort Lee each landed 300 excursionists from the lower end of the city. The same boats made many trips each way, and every time the throng in the park was swelled by their living cargoes. Jay Gould's yacht Atalanta passed down at half-past nine and answered a salute of one gun from the steam yacht Stranger, anchored in the river ahead of the fleet.

AROUND THE NEW TOMB.

Meanwhile on the shore men, women and boys were rushing about in the endeavor to secure a point of vantage from which to view the burial pageant. Early in the morning Foreman McCann and Chief Engineer Kellogg had gangs of men on the ground to put the finishing touches on the work of the past week. The graders were soon busy levelling off the driveways leading to and from the tomb; the masons were trimming the stone pavement and making a temporary board platform before the tomb and a large force of laborers set green sides of turf around the sides and rear of the vault, making the sloping, gravelly hill a place of freshness and beauty. All the roads about the place were rolled and sprinkled until they looked cool and smooth. A fresh coat of gilding was put on the finial cross at the apex of the roof and on the iron name, "Grant," which stretches across the inner grated door. The inside of the tomb was next carefully swept with brooms, and before the news of the coming procession reached Claremont Bluff everything was in readiness.

THE GATHERING CROWDS.

With the opening of the day the crowds began to make their appearance, and while the work around the tomb was in progress the multitude was augmented by new arrivals until the patience of the police was taxed in their efforts to control it. A cordon of police officers stretched completely around the burial mound in the centre of the Park. There were 600 city policemen, under Inspector Dilks, and 150 park policemen, commanded by Captain Beatty. No one was allowed to pass the line without the proper credentials. Without the line of officers the crowd pressed and surged. The stands erected for their accommodation rapidly filled up, at an admission of $1, until there was room for no more. The innumerable small stands retailing lemonade and older doughnuts, though those so unfortunate as to locate on the west side of the Boulevard were moved away at eleven o'clock by order of Superintendent Murray. The Superintendent took personal command of the men, whose numbers had been increased by the addition of large details from the 600 who had been on duty early in the City Hall Park. Sixty-five of these, under Sergeant Croker, of the Ninth precinct, were stationed for duty in the immediate vicinity of the tomb. Park Policemen McDonald and Ging were stationed one on either side of the entrance to this structure. A temporary floor, upon which were placed seats to accommodate over four hundred of the mourners who rode in carriages in the procession, was laid in front of the tomb, distant about fifty feet. Between these seats and the tomb, and to the left of its entrance, the cedar outer casket, to contain the coffin, was resting on two standards. It was at once the centre of an interested group of officers and civilians, eager to examine its beautiful workmanship.

THE START OF THE CORTEGE.

EARLY MORNING SCENES AT CITY HALL—THE VETERANS' SALUTE.

When the sun stole in through the barred gates of the City Hall yesterday morning it flashed upon the burnished silver mountings of the casket, and was reflected from the steel helmets of a guard from the Seventy-first regiment. It paled the electric lights, which soon went out. With it came a cool breeze that fluttered the sombre drapery hanging from the arches overhead and rustled the leaves and the flowers that formed the background to the casket.

At one o'clock the double file of people had been stopped in the march past the bier, the iron gates were closed, the last look at the dead was taken and the coffin lid shut out forever from the world's view the face of Grant.

Impressive in the dignity of its simplicity, historic in its character and meaning was the scene. The eyes of the nation were centred upon that black draped vestibule between whose massive pillars the country's hero slept his long sleep. The hour was fast approaching when he should be borne out through those iron portals and carried through a dense lane of his mourning fellow citizens to his resting place by the river's side. At the head of the casket stood a man one of whose sleeves dangled empty at his side. The arm had been left behind on some battle field. Medals of bronze decorated his breast. His gaze was fixed upon the casket. Other men in dark blue, who also carried medals, stood about in regular order like statues. Hardly a movement they made, and not a word broke the tomblike stillness of the place. Flanking these, with military erectness, were men in gayer uniforms, who carried swords at their sides and wore upon their heads white helmets tipped with steel. At a greater distance policemen guarded every approach. Little change was there in the scene at any time.

MARTIAL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

As the hours wore on martial sounds came floating in through the barred gates and martial sights began to appear upon the broad plaza in front of the City Hall, upon which the silent watchers now and then looked out. The hosts were gathering at the various points to which they had been assigned. Strains of solemn music, to which the tramp of marching feet kept time, came from Broadway. Now and then a post of Grand Army men filed past, with colors draped and drooping and muffled drums. At intervals the sound of a far away discharge of artillery broke upon the ear, and mingling with all was the mournful tolling of the bell in St. Paul's Church tower. Fitting sounds were these. They seemed to voice a nation's sorrow, and were but the echo of other similar sounds that were going up from all parts of the land.

Now there is the measured tramp of feet upon the plaza, which ceases at the sharp word of command. Then the butts of a hundred muskets come to the pavement with one sound. The regulars have arrived—a company of the Fifth artillery and one of the Twelfth infantry—and taken up position facing the entrance to the hall. They compose the guard of honor. About the same time thirteen soldierly men march up the steps in double file, and, dividing ranks, take up position on either side of the casket. This is the immediate body guard from U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, men who took up their honored task on the summit of Mount McGregor, who accompanied the body to Albany and who now were not to leave their charge until it had been laid in the tomb. Their comrades, who had been on duty since five o'clock, quietly withdrew, and after this momentary interruption the solemn hush once more fell upon the scene. It was now nine o'clock, and in half an hour the start was to be made. Just preceding this there was a gathering of men in civilian's dress upon the City Hall steps. Quietly they arranged themselves in a group, facing the park, a baton waved, and a soft strain of music was wafted in to the watchers. Then there was the low, gradually swelling sound of a hundred voices chanting a parting dirge. The Liederkranz was paying a last tribute.

A CYNOSURE OF INTEREST.

But these one hundred and fifty singers were not the only persons who gathered there in the early daylight to do homage to the dead. Thousands of men, women and children had assembled around the building, and as near to it as the police lines would permit. Of these thousands many had evidently been up all night—strangers and visitors from other cities, who, unable to obtain shelter at the overcrowded hotels, remained on the streets and came very early, some with travelling dusters and gripsacks, to get good positions from which to see the transfer of the body to the funeral car. Nine o'clock was the hour announced for this ceremony, but two hours before that time the people had assembled in numbers, and at half-past eight Broadway, Park row, Mail street and the small portion of the park outside the police lines were densely packed, and the windows and the roofs and cornices of every building within sight were peopled with sightseers.

Two things were noticeable concerning the assemblage—its democratic character and its behavior. There never was a more thoroughly democratic multitude. He whose memory they had come to honor was one of the people, and all sorts and conditions of men, from the poorest to the richest, were patiently waiting to pay their tribute of affection and respect. The demeanor of the crowd was remarkable. There was none of the noise and laughter and restless moving and pushing about generally seen at great gatherings. The crowd stood quietly, patiently and as well behaved as though the place was one vast church.

Although at this time there was nothing to see but the front of the City Hall everybody seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. Conversation was hushed, the crowd was almost motionless, and the silence was broken only by the twittering of the sparrows and the jingling of the street car bells. The plaza in front of the City Hall gates and the grass plots in a semicircle from the ends of the building extending as far as the fountain were kept cleared of the multitude by an unbroken line of policemen.

FUNERAL SONG.

The impressiveness of the scene was deepened as the United States Infantry band from the depot at David's Island made the air throb with the strains of Sullivan's "Lost Chord." While this was being played the Liederkranz singers took their stand upon the steps. Under the leadership of Agricol Paur they sang, when the notes of the band had died away, the "Geisterchor" of Schubert—the song of the spirits over the water. The voices sounded clear and sweet in the bright morning air, and the walls of the building served to reflect the sounds, so that it is probable that nearly all, even of that vast assemblage, heard the music. After a short interval they sang again—the "Trauerchor der Pilger," the pilgrim's chorus, from "Tannhauser."

CLERGYMEN AND PALLBEARERS.

At a quarter to nine o'clock there was a pushing back of the crowds at the Park row entrance to the plaza, and a line of open carriages drove in. They contained the clergymen, the physicians and the pallbearers. In the first carriage rode the Rev. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris, representatives of the Methodist Church. The second carriage contained Bishop Potter, representing the Episcopalian communion, and the Rev. Dr. Field, the Presbyterian. The Rev. Dr. Chambers, of the Dutch Reformed Church, and Dr. West, of the Congregational, were in the third carriage. The fourth carriage attracted general attention. The Rev. Dr. Collyer, representing the Unitarian Church, was seen sitting there alone, while by its side and on foot walked the representatives of the Jewish faith, which forbids its adherents to ride on the Sabbath. Father McGlynn, the Catholic clergyman, was in the next carriage, and by his side sat the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, the Baptist. The physicians—Drs. Douglas, Shrady, Sands and Elliott—were together in one coach.

Then came the pallbearers. General Sherman, in cocked hat and gold lace, rode beside General Johnston, the Southern leader, in plain civilian's clothes. In the next carriage General Sheridan, also in uniform, talked with General Buckner, his old time adversary. George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel were in the succeeding coach, and Admirals Porter and Worden in the one following. Oliver Hoyt and George Jones and General Logan and Mr. Boutwell were in the last two carriages.

The carriages formed in two lines on the western half of the plaza and waited. Presently a wagon containing the flight of black covered steps used in mounting to the funeral car drove in, and then, at twenty-five minutes to ten, a way was opened at Park row and the nodding black plumes of the car were seen approaching. Twenty-four black horses, with black trappings and each led by a colored groom, moved slowly and impressively across the plaza and stopped with the catafalque directly in front of the entrance to the City Hall. The guard of honor marched across to the steps and formed in double lines facing each other and extending from the pillars of the vestibule down to the plaza and to the side of the funeral car. The artillery was on the west side and the infantry on the east. While the steps were being placed in position at the funeral car the clergymen, the physicians and the pallbearers left their carriages and entered the City Hall. Instinctively every head in the vast concourse was uncovered and everybody waited in perfect silence.

THE LAST JOURNEY BEGUN.

The hour had arrived. There was no bustle or confusion. The face of Dr. Newman appeared in the gateway. He announced that the clergy and the pallbearers were in readiness. They were grouped just outside the gates, sashes of white caught up with black running from their shoulders to their waists. Senior Vice Commander John H. Johnson, of Grant Post, G. A. R., quietly gave the word to his twelve men. They took hold of the silver handles of the casket and raised it from its resting place. Carefully they lowered it, and were ready for the transfer to the waiting funeral car. The little procession was arranged as follows, with the pallbearers and clergy in advance and Commander Johnson heading his men:—

Left of the Casket.	*Right of the Casket.*
Comrade Corwin.	Comrade Tebbitts.
Comrade Howatt.	Comrade McKellar.
Comrade McDonald.	Comrade McKelvey.
Comrade Squires.	Comrade Brodie.
Comrade Knight.	Comrade Collins.
Comrade Guillam.	Comrade Barker.

Comrades Downing and Ormsby, of Wheeler Post.

Representatives of the Loyal Legion of Honor, comprising General John J. Milhau, General C. A. Carleton, Paymaster George D. Barton, Lieutenant Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Lieutenant Colonel A. M. Clark and Captain E. Blunt.

While the band of the regulars played a funeral march the procession slowly moved down the steps. The hats of the great throng that lined the edge of the park were simultaneously removed, and two photographers caught the historic picture. Up the steps that led to the funeral car the Grand Army men moved with their burden. They deposited it upon its resting place. The whole scene had occupied but five minutes. It then lacked a quarter of ten o'clock.

OUT INTO BROADWAY.

The pallbearers and the clergy and physicians walked back to their carriages, re-entered them, were driven slowly out into Broadway and halted. The army guard of honor, headed by the band, marched slowly around the funeral car to the end of the plaza, at carry arms, and stopped at Broadway. The Twelfth infantry company was in the van, immediately behind the pallbearers' carriages and the artillery battery followed. Then the members of Grant Post, who had been waiting on Broadway, entered the plaza and formed twelve files front immediately before the car. Some of the veterans bore small wreaths of evergreens in their hands. On either side of the funeral car stood the thirteen members of the Grant Post who had constituted the last guard at the City Hall. Directly behind the car walked the ten members of the Wheeler Grand Army Post who have attended the body from Mount McGregor. Six veteran officers of the Loyal Legion stood shoulder to shoulder behind the car. Mayor Grace and the members of the Board of Aldermen in their carriages then fell into line.

There was a brief pause after this little procession had formed, and then the David's Island Band played the first notes of Beethoven's "Marche Funebre." The army guard of honor moved as one man, with arms reversed and solemn tread; the sable plumes on the car nodded, and so the body of the dead General started upon its last march.

The crowd waited with uncovered heads and in solemn silence until the car had turned into Broadway, and then, with a decorum remarkable, considering the vast numbers, moved in a body out of the park into the street, and so on past the City Hall to Chambers street.

All night long workmen had been preparing with saw and hammer for the march up Broadway. Hundreds of stands were hastily erected in all sorts of places. One, probably with the permission of somebody in authority, had been erected on Pearl street just off Broadway. It was so large that it filled the street from curb to curb, thus preventing the passage of teams. A board stuck in a barrel of sand bore this notice, "Street Closed." Temporary balconies had been built over a store at Canal street and Broadway. In front of the ruins of Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique speculators had erected a stand 100 feet in length. The windows of many of the great warehouses along Broadway had been cleared of goods and the empty spaces filled in with chairs. At the hour set for the start of the procession the sidewalks were densely packed with people who had been flocking to the scene almost from dawn. On every side there was a sea of faces. Wherever the eye was turned it was met by thousands of other eyes.

A SUGGESTIVE CONTRAST.

The Grand Army organizations were deployed in line on the west side of Broadway from Duane street up. On the east side, extending nearly as far as the Fifth Avenue Hotel, had been formed the various regiments of the National Guard of this and other States, and all the armed military organizations comprising the military escort. It was a suggestive contrast. On one side of the way were the grizzled veterans of the great rebellion who had fought under Grant, and on the other the young and spruce looking members of the militia regiments. Here and there in the ranks of the old soldiers was to be seen a tattered battle flag, telling in silent eloquence its story of heroism. It was only a ragged bit of silk, but was as striking in its contrast to the bright new banners of the young guardsmen opposite as the plain and often shabby clothing of the veterans was to the showy uniforms of the youngsters.

THE LAST SALUTE.

At a given signal the militia organizations had fallen into line ahead of the hearse, in compliance with the forms of a military funeral, which require that all armed soldiery shall precede the body. When the funeral car reached Chambers street, therefore, the military organizations simply wheeled into the procession in the van. But all along the street, for blocks and blocks, could be seen the Grand Army posts still waiting, for to them had been justly awarded the honor of joining in the cortége immediately behind the body as mourners.

There was a delay at Duane street, and the funeral car and its immediate escort stopped to permit the militia to get into line ahead. The procession soon started forward, however, and then an impressive sight was witnessed. The Grand Army posts, for blocks and blocks, as the car moved on, saluted the dead, each veteran standing, with his Grand Army medal covered with crape and with a mourning knot upon the left arm, and raised his soft black hat from his head with the right hand, then bringing it to the left breast with the crown outward, and holding it there until the remains had passed. Then, as the guard of honor marched past, the Grand Army men wheeled into the line, marching not as separate posts, but consolidated into battalions and brigades.

And so the procession, swelling by the hundreds at every block, moved on up Broadway.

PEN PICTURE OF THE PAGEANT.

THE SCENE AT MADISON SQUARE—NOTABLES IN LINE—THE CROWD.

It would be too much to say that the hundred thousand people who massed themselves in and about Madison square, packing the streets solidly, overflowing every window, obeying the slightest hint of the humblest policeman, footsore with long and weary waiting, had the faintest idea that the programme of the day would be executed to the letter, but when, at a few moments after ten, word was passed along the line that the column had turned from Fourteenth street into Fifth avenue it was as though an electric shock had been given to every person in the crowd. Could it be possible that that small dark speck nine blocks away was in reality the advance of the magnificent funeral column? Sure enough it was, and instantly the marvellous mass, multitudinous in its amplitude, changed from the inert to the alert. The scene was a picture. The façade of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, becomingly draped in heavy mourning, seemed alive with spectators. Every window on the Broadway side had its quota, its full complement of occupants, while on the roof men and women stood like bees in a hive. The spacious uptown offices of the HERALD stood in the centre of a motionless crowd of human beings, and the huge six story edifice in which they are located presented a picture which was an admirable relief, in its sombre coloring, to the brilliant purity of the hotel beyond. The sharp corner formed by the confluence of Broadway and Fifth avenue, like the prow of a steamer, rested on the edge of a very sea of humanity. The spacious square and that large area bounded by Fifth avenue, Broadway and Madison square itself, held as many human beings as could by the most ingenious possibility be crowded close together. Far up the line of march could be seen the floating plumes, the burnished weapons, the showy uniforms and the impatient steeds of the military waiting their turn to fall into line. Immediately in front, barring egress through Twenty-third street, stood the Twenty-second as motionless as machinery at rest. Back of them stood a line of policemen, and back of them the multitude. A counterpart was seen on the other side of the street. Within the line Captain Williams bore himself bravely and sturdily, directing here, controlling there the masses, himself the spirit of the scene. A shrill blast from a bugle told the story of the commander's coming. Preceded by a well kept line of mounted police came the army and the navy. Hancock on a magnificent horse looked every inch a soldier, a head ideal Harry Navarre of the nineteenth century, followed at a respectful distance by his gorgeous and glittering staff. Nothing save respect to the memory of the dead—nothing but that subtle intuition which taught every heart in that crowd the delicacies of the occasion, restrained the multitude from an outburst of spontaneous recognition of the gallant bearing and noble presence of this superb cortége. Opera glasses were brought in requisition by ladies in all the windows, and Hancock and his aides faced a battery more numerous in its charges than any he ever saw upon the field of battle. To say that the regular troops marched well would be but a simple photograph of fact, and to say that every eye in all that interested multitude rested with regard and admiration upon the soldiers and the sailors in that part of the division would be to tell the simple truth.

THE STATE TROOPS.

General Shaler on horseback and General Shaler in ordinary attire are two very different men. As a civilian walking along the street his tall, erect presence naturally attracts attention, but when mounted, as he was yesterday, on a high spirited, well mettled horse he not only attracts but rivets regard. He rode well and had reason to be, as he obviously was, entirely satisfied with his command. The First and Second brigades fell into line, according to the official programme, with full ranks properly equipped and with a port and dignity of carriage that secured the admiration their appearance challenged. Immediately opposite the main entrance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the centre of the street, lay a small piece of paper, at which every line deployed from left to right, moving from the Broadway path into the Fifth avenue thoroughfare. The movement was one calculated to test the military knowledge and experience of the men, and it was interesting and curious to note the comments of the people in the crowd. When a company made a clean cut deploy there was a subdued but perceptible recognition, as when they made a ragged and unprofessional deploy there was a subdued but perceptible hum of dissatisfaction.

THE PRESIDENT AND PARTY.

Between ten o'clock and one, at which time the President and the other dignitaries whose headquarters were in the Fifth Avenue joined the procession, the hotel was a centre of curiosity to a large crowd of people unable to get nearer Broadway than the Twenty-third street entrance, where stood several open carriages for the President and his friends and two or three hundred other carriages for other people and their friends. The President looked remarkably well, pulled his hat well down over his forehead and wore a dark suit of broadcloth, the coat buttoned high in the breast. He held quite a levee, talking very earnestly and pleasantly with Secretary Bayard, who looks pale and wan.

Vice President Hendricks held a little levee by himself, wearing most of the time his hat, which was cocked with characteristic rakishness over his right eye, and apparently in the best of health and the best of spirits. Ex-President Hayes, with much thoughtful consideration, passed most of the time with the ladies of the bereaved family, with whom he is on the best of terms, and who appear to look to him to a certain extent for counselling aid and comfort. The most dignified, certainly the most graciously easy of the distinguished party in the hotel, was ex-President Arthur, who was cordially greeted by everybody and most respectfully treated wherever he moved. All sorts of bigwigs passed in and out, up stairs and down, and it would have been a very easy matter to pick out a score and more of men whose names are known not only in every household in this country, but are familiar to the intelligent of the earth.

THE PASSING LEGIONS.

The troops continued their onward march, each regiment preceded by a full band, the music of the occasion being, by the way, one of its most significant features. Probably out of deference to the fact that the family were stopping in the Fifth Avenue Hotel every band without exception during the entire day struck up at Twenty-first street, and continued in full tide of successful operation along Broadway to the deploy line, and thence up Fifth avenue as far as Thirtieth street, and some still further. This fact, added to the advantageous point for observation afforded by the open square and the large spaces referred to above, made the scene from this point particularly picturesque and noteworthy. Far in advance of each brigade rode its commander, followed at the proper distance by his staff. Then came the colonel of each particular regiment, followed by his staff, and then the music. It was noticed with particular pleasure that the officers were almost without exception admirably mounted. The generals had particularly fine horses. The colonel of the Seventh rode a splendid mount. General Molineux and his staff made as fine an appearance as any, their horses being of particularly handsome build and stylish action. That the movements of the Seventh, Thirteenth and Twenty-third regiments were narrowly scanned and abundantly criticised and almost universally contrasted, those of one with those of the others, goes without saying. These three regiments have for years attracted the attention not only of military men, but of the great mass of their fellow citizens, and, although the Seventh is universally conceded to be the crack regiment, there are very many who think it would be difficult to draw a line between its merits and those of the Thirteenth and Twenty-third, more especially those of the Twenty-third.

THE OLD GUARD.

One of the most interesting features was the appearance of the Old Guard, which wore the old time bear skin cap, the old style white coat and the old style blue trousers. They were preceded by a superb band playing "Nearer my God to Thee"—and, by the way, "Nearer my God to Thee" was played with variations by full bands of music, by fifes and drums and by drum corps on almost every block along the line of march from the time of start to the finish, and has been during the last two weeks played in Mount McGregor, in Saratoga, in Albany, in West Point, in New York and Brooklyn, and finally in this procession, until it has become almost as boresome as the universal "God Save the Queen" is to the royal family. After the band followed the veteran George Washington McLean, walking like a chief mourner, far in advance of his handsome command, as straight as a liberty pole, as dignified as himself, the central figure and target for every eye during the space of at least five minutes, as he came up, as he passed and as he went from view. It was hard for the people to restrain themselves at that point. They wanted to applaud and to recognize the soldierly bearing of the gallant men who followed the gallant Major in his gallant tread. The oldest military organization in the country is the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Conn., which presented a unique and odd but interesting appear-

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ance as the men came along in their old style uniform, preceded by a particularly good band. The colored guards it is pleasant to record looked well, marched well and deserved well of their fellow citizens.

THE SOUTHERN TROOPS.

Very great interest was excited by the appearance of the Southern troops—more especially the City Guard of Atlanta, the Virginia State Troop and the Union Veteran Corps from the district of Columbia. It would be difficult to say how many men held slips cut from the morning HERALD in their hands from which they read for the information of those standing near them the names of the various organizations as they appeared, and if space were convenient nothing more interesting could be printed than a report of the thousand and one quickwitted criticisms passed upon individuals and the masses as the troops moved along. The New Jersey National Guard made a very fine appearance. They turned out in great numbers, and added their full quota to the interest of the occasion and their full share to the magnificent music of the day.

Many of these people, this vast crowd, this enormous aggregation, thousand and tens of thousands of them, had been there since very early in the morning, and some all night. Wearied and tired, impatient, they stood and waited and wondered and waited until the procession came, and then, as though aflame with interest and curiosity, and with respectful determination and desire to know all about the tribute to the man they honored, they became creatures of impulse in act and look and gesture, so that from ten o'clock until one, a space of three hours, during which, with two exceptions, perhaps of five minutes each, when the troops were resting, they had been interested and satisfied.

THE CATAFALQUE.

Then came the sensation of the day.

Far down the line started that subtle something which told this great mass on Fifth avenue, Broadway and Twenty-third street that that for which all eyes were waiting was almost before them.

The catafalque was coming.

Grant's body would soon be with them.

Through all this crowd there ran a stir. People already packed to the verge of suffocation packed closer. The long quadruple line of carriages that stretched from Fifth avenue through West Twenty-third street beyond Seventh avenue moved restlessly. Drivers got themselves into position and distinguished guests took seats. Escorted by Marshal McMichael, the President, ungloved, entered his carriage, and by his side sat Secretary Bayard, also without gloves. The crowd pressed close, the footman took his seat by the side of the coachman and the six horses pranced and danced as though impatient for their opportunity to participate in the procession. Vice President Hendricks, with his hat pulled down over his right eye, with a glove on his left hand, took a seat in the next carriage. Then came ex-President Hayes and ex-President Arthur, and following them the long list of dignitaries, as given, all took seats and waited, while with solemn step, keeping time to the measured music of a glorious band, came the chief feature of the procession. Bareheaded young Mr. Merrill walked perhaps fifteen feet in advance of the leaders. There were twenty-four horses, covered with black netting, draped in mourning and led by colored grooms, to draw the enormous vehicle with its sacred burden. When the casket, covered with black, exposing its long silver handles only, came in full view, without a word, hint, sign or suggestion from any mortal hand, every person instantly removed his hat.

There was no flag about the coffin, no national insignia of any sort about the catafalque, no flowers, nothing whatever to detract from the simple grandeur of that solitary casket, raised high in air above the heads of all who saw it, containing all that remains of the man who in his time commanded ten times more armed men than followed him to his grave yesterday.

THE CARRIAGES.

The long line of carriages instantly fell into place, and then there was a rush to see the family and relatives of General Grant, the old members of his staff, the ex-Cabinet officers, the clergy and physicians. A halt was called in the line of carriages going up Broadway, and from one of them stepped Mayor Grace, attended by Alderman Sauger and Comptroller Loew, who, escorted by Captain Williams, made hurried way to the Twenty-third street entrance of the hotel, and gave official greeting to the President and the other distinguished guests. Resuming their seats in their carriage a signal was given and the procession moved on. Dr. Newman and Bishop Morris sat together in the foremost carriage. Dr. Newman sits high, and his countenance wore not unnaturally a calmly satisfied expression as he moved along, part and parcel of this deliberate testimonial in honor of his friend and parishioner. Bishop Potter was recognized by many, and pleasantly returned their salutations. Dr. Collyer, being tired of riding, walked in the centre of the street, accompanied by the representative of the Hebrew faith, his huge form towering above his surrounding comrades. Curiosity was manifested in all the crowd to see Drs. Douglas and Shrady, and many manifestations of sympathy and respect were extended to them, more especially to Douglas, who is not in robust health. The face of Rear Admiral Worden isn't as well known as his services are, but he attracted much attention, as naturally did General Sherman, who never looked more rugged, never more interested, never more soldierly than on this occasion. Phil Sheridan, too, is much less known than is the record of his deeds, but he was recognized by many and talked of by all.

THE CONFEDERATE PALLBEARERS.

The appearance of General Johnston and General Buckner was almost a signal for an outburst of applause, and it would have taken but little to draw from the vast host of interested spectators a tumultuous indication of their pleasure at seeing them as pallbearers at the funeral of the federal commander. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall are very well known in New York, more especially the gentleman from Pennsylvania, and when they came along, followed by Governor Long, of Massachusetts, and Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and William M. Evarts, of New York, with Archy Bliss, of Brooklyn, and General Bingham, of Pennsylvania, and Horace Porter, with Rufus Ingalls and Comstock and Smith, of Grant's staff, followed by the copper colored General Parker, who, as Grant's military secretary, was present at the meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox, the stir in the crowd became a push, and it was with difficulty that Captain Williams' men secured that perfect quiet which down to that moment had characterized the conduct of the crowd. The dashing staff of General Sheridan, followed by General Scofield and his staff, made a profound impression upon the popular mind which lasted long enough to enable them to endure with some some degree of patience the long, long line of carriages containing committees and Governors and heads of bureaus and politicians and distinguished merchants and all that sort of man who then appeared.

SICKLES AND THE VETERANS.

They were a long time in passing, and had it not been for the printed programme cut from the HERALD which told them that another significant feature was yet to come, it is probable that with the passage of the catafalque and the dying away of the music that preceded the coming of those distinguished guests, the crowd would have deliquesced and the people dispersed; but there was another feature well worth waiting to see. The veteran division was under command of Major General Sickles, who drove at the head of the line in a handsome victoria drawn by two spanking horses. He and his companion, in the full regimentals of their position, were picturesque, dashing and interesting to a degree. Then came the veterans, the retired officers and the societies of the several armies, each and all suggestive of fighting days and troublous times long since past, leading up to the coming of the Grand Army of the Republic, commanded by General Burdette. Every one of these posts had a band. Sometimes the band was a full military band, at others it was a simple drum and fife, at others a drum and fife corps, but every one according to its means had done what it could to honor the day and make memorable the funeral of the man who led them on to battle and to glory. As the Grant Post passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel every man lifted his hat in recognition of the mourners, and as they pushed along, marching like men accustomed to march, holding themselves erect, yet without strain, bearing themselves with a swinging dignity characteristic of the soldiers of the Republic, every eye in all that multitude fastened upon them; and universal compliment was paid the organizations which came from Maine, from the Potomac, from Texas, from Iowa, from Connecticut and Maryland, from Illinois and Virginia and Indiana, from New Jersey, New Hampshire and Colorado, from Wisconsin, Missouri and Kansas, from the Old Bay State and the Empire State as well, thousands of them coming at great expense in the aggregate that they might swell this enormous outpouring, this overwhelming demonstration in honor of the man whom they saw fit to honor most. It was a touching tribute, a beautiful sight—something long, long to be remembered. Then came General O'Beirne and staff, chief of the First brigade of veteran organizations, first of which was the Seventy-ninth regiment of Highlanders in their typical costume, followed by the old time Fire Zouaves and the Duryea Zouaves and the Garibaldi Guards and others, all with bands, all with banners, all with evident interest and sympathy for the occasion, leading up to the second brigade of Colonel Rafferty, in which were the famous Hawkins Zouaves and the volunteers, the veterans who ran out from this city quick to meet the foe in the troubled days of 1861 and on, and the Tammany regiment, the old Forty-second of New York, with the Mexican War veterans, and they in turn followed by General Frank Spinola and staff at the head of the Third brigade of veterans, recalling to the minds of many the day when the same General, at the head of some of the same troops, marched on to a ferryboat leading from Brooklyn to New York and went away to the front, leaving politics and local issues behind.

THE CIVIC SOCIETIES.

General McMahon is an imposing figure on horseback, and as he rode along, followed by his staff, at the head of the civic division, his martial bearing and well equipped appearance attracted comment on every side. His division rode in carriages and closed the procession, which moved along past the Worth Monument at three o'clock, followed by a vast concourse of interested people, whose companions and comrades sought quickly the "L" roads on either side, hurrying homeward to the trains, or up town that they might catch a second look and participate in the final ceremonies of the Riverside interment.

DROPPING OUT OF LINE.

ONLY A FEW ORGANIZATIONS RELINQUISH THE MARCH AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

At Fifty-seventh street consideration for the welfare of the processionists had at first arranged for a breaking of the line, and a continuance of the march up town was not obligatory from that point. But few, however, availed themselves of the opportunity until the bulk of the column had gone by and the increased heat warned those whom age had weakened to beware of over-exertion. In this neighborhood the crowd was massed even more densely than further down town, and the roofs, windows and balconies of the colossal flats were instinct with life, while every lot and the roof of every shed were filled with benches and held their swarms of onlookers. Far up along the Boulevard, under the summer leafage of the trees, swarming on the brown roads and clustering upon the green elevations, the multitude stretched away.

On rolled the torrent of white helmets, rising and falling like the billows of the ocean; the crape draped flags, the glitter of the drawn swords and the sheen of the musket barrels all fused together in a stream of flickering tints and dazzling flashes. Hardly a regiment, hardly a company cared to forego the fatigue of that long march. What though the sun blazed down hot and sultry, striking lightnings from arms and accoutrements and seaming the faces of the bearers with streams of perspiration; what though the dust rose from the unpaved streets and roads and enveloped the line in a film like a veil, filling eyes and lungs with its powdery particles, the men marched on toward the blue ridge on which, high over the shining river, was the open grave.

The Old Guard, with their great shakos, were the first to leave the line. As they passed from Fifty-seventh street, wheeling upon Broadway, they formed into fours and defiled along the sidewalk. Then they faced about, with grounded arms, while the rest of the column passed. All the regiments moved by almost intact. But here and there those who could ill sustain the fatigue of a further march dropped out upon the Boulevard, while the rest came on and filled their places.

At last the arm-bearing part of the procession had passed by—some of the organizations were rewarded for their clever wheeling by not very appropriate bursts of applause from thoughtless onlookers. Then the coming of the funeral train was awaited. Long and impatiently, too, it was looked for up town, for when the military pageant had passed many minutes elapsed before the thunder of the drums and the solemn strains of the band announced the coming of the funeral car, with its guard of honor. In that time the vast throngs broke the lines they had previously preserved. The middle of the streets was crowded, the masses of people on the walk moved about, and, like a kaleidoscope, the crowd was regrouped before the funeral car appeared.

Then the members of the G. A. R. came on, all bravely keeping step and holding up in spite of heat and worry. But some, it was clear, were unfitted to trudge the miles still to be passed over. Singly and in couples, men scarred and armless, dropped aside. But even among the throng they still followed with their eyes the ongoing line, and it was clear that their hearts too went with the bier of their old commander, on to the grave which the squadrons were now passing, and over which were floating the flags beneath which they had fought.

ON TO RIVERSIDE.

THE TROOPS TAKE THE "ROUTE STEP" UP THE BOULEVARD—JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

No longer with steady tread and solemn measure of processional formality, but marching now as Grant's men marched long ago, as they marched through swamp and wilderness, as they marched over the mountains and through valleys filled with the shadow of death, the cortége marched on toward Riverside. The weak have fallen by the wayside; the faint hearted have dropped out of the ranks; some of the show soldiers have gone back, but the veterans push steadily onward, their hearts overflowing with memories caught up on the wings of the martial music and vivified by the stirring of unwonted muscles and the grip of arms long laid aside. And in the line, just as in the long ago, marches the Silent Man; the chieftain, now more silent than ever, marches once again.

The broken column is far more picturesque, far more moving than the solid one had been, and "route step" on a country road seems more like real soldiering than the parade step on the paved streets of the city.

It was a great relief to the hot and tired men when the Boulevard was reached, the long reversed arms were shifted to more comfortable positions and the legs were allowed to stretch themselves at random. Spirits which had begun to droop revived, and many who were getting ready to drop behind caught a second breath and went on to the end. A cool breeze, blowing at intervals, tempered the heat of the sun and saved many a good fellow from biting the dust; but the ambulances were not without employment, and the wayside was dotted with the uniforms of men whose blood had gone too freely to the head and who were compelled to fall back.

Up the ragged edged, dusty Boulevard to Seventy-second street and then swinging down to the beautiful broad Riverside drive, with its hard road and its curves of beauty, marching easily but regularly with frequent rests and frequent gaps, the great procession winds along. The people see their toil and warmly commend their sturdy work. The Zouaves grow ambitious and try a double-quick. Down goes a man, and a cry of horror rises from the spectators. Carry him away tenderly, but on with the march. And so, with many pauses and many incidents, the long march ends.

GRANT LAID AT REST.

THE BURIAL AT RIVERSIDE—A WONDERFUL PAGEANT ABOUT THE TOMB.

A hot yellow plain, a fringe of green boughs, a little hill and beside it a quaint, squat brick vault with a gilded cross. Such was the tomb. A wall of human forms and faces surrounded the scene and formed a great square, held back by an inner wall of blue and gray policemen. To the east were the swaying tree tops of the park, and to the north a grassy hill, shaded by wide, thick branches. Below was the blue Hudson River, and beyond it the rich, green mountains, flanked by the steep palisades. Through the trees a fleet of war ships with glistening masts could be seen in the river, and white sails drifted up and down the stream. Overhead was a gentle sky, across which white clouds stretched, and between them the fierce yellow sun blazed down upon the waiting thousands. Stretched out in the middle of the open square were long rows of buff colored benches for distinguished guests, and just beyond them a group of snowy tents in the shadow of the trees. Every hilltop was covered with the vast multitude. Men and boys climbed the trees and hung to the branches. Every valley swarmed with life. Every rock and every stump was fought for. Monstrous white wooden stands arose out of the level masses, and upon them were seated thousands of spectators. The black snouts of photographing cameras were poked out from every point of vantage, and the air was filled with the shouts of stand owners. Squads of bronzed policemen wheeled and marched hither and thither. The men-of-war sent shrill sounds of steam over the hill, and a rough, tired blue jacket stood in the plain holding a red flag with a white disc, ready to signal the blue jackets and gunners on the ocean thunderers below. Mountains and valleys of umbrellas rose and fell in all directions. The whole world seemed to look on.

WAITING FOR THE CORTEGE.

Away down the winding road up which the cavalcade must come were miles of men and women, hot, faint and weary. They grew so black and thick that they blotted out the sunlit landscape. Their murmuring sounded like the distant ocean.

Hour after hour they waited. A little man in a black skull cap trained the barrel of his camera on the door of the tomb and there was a wild scurry of policemen to the spot. For a full half hour they posed and lolled about the door while the photographer immortalized them. Then they peered into the white interior of the vault, where a steel casket lay on two pillars. A few weary men leaned on the streaky brown, silver trimmed cedar shell in front of the tomb.

NEWS FROM THE COLUMN.

It was almost one o'clock when an officer dashed up the roadway upon a brown charger and announced that the head of the procession was at Ninety-sixth street. Instantly the blue jacket under the trees began to spell out the news to the men-of-war by short dippings and wavings of his red flag. The multitude strained forward and threatened to burst over the blue and gray lines.

Suddenly there was a crash and the crowds reeled back as the hills sent back the thunder of the war ships. Clouds of cannon smoke whirled up from the burning decks and the streaming pennants danced in the rigging. All other sounds were swallowed up as sheets of fire and smoke burst from the black gun ports.

After a few moments the multitudes down the roadway moved convulsively, and as they swept back from the road a line of policemen galloped forward. Behind them came General Hancock, a monument of white mustache, sword and gold lace, in an open carriage at the head of his staff. A billow of gold lace and white and scarlet plumes on horseback rolled after him into the hot square. In the midst of it could be seen General Gordon, of Georgia, who was left for dead on the field by Sheridan's cavalry, and General Fitzhugh Lee, the famous cavalryman who cut his way through fields of Northern soldiers. Slowly they rode by the tomb and halted on the hill beyond, under a clump of trees, a patch of shining metal and color. General Hancock got out of his carriage and walked into the tomb, where he stood leaning upon his sword for a long time.

THE TROOPS AT RIVERSIDE.

Along the road came the regular troops at a swinging march. The artillerymen rumbled over the road behind the tomb and struggled to the hill behind the officers, where the wind wagged their red trappings. Next came the marines, a vision of tanned faces and yellow epaulets. They, too, marched to the hill and halted. Then a river of flat white caps and white leggings poured up the road as the bluejackets appeared. They heaved over and around the hill until they made it look like a field of white daisies. Higher than all was a regular army band in scarlet and gold and white. Bugles sounded from all sides, the regular tramp of feet shook the earth, furled banners stood out of the ranks at all sorts of angles and the air was filled with flashing brass and steel.

The saluting battery drew up under the trees at the river bank opposite the tomb and pointed their cannons toward the river, whereat the crowd in front of the shining muzzles fell back in alarm.

General Shaler rode up in a vortex of plumes and swords and foaming horses. He wheeled around the square, while the Twenty-second regiment flowed past on the brow of the river bank, tired and drooping, with Gilmore's band at its head. Gilmore himself walked in the rear, with black plumes falling over his head. The regiment passed along the road, halted and stretched itself in two lines out with its back to the river. Then the Seventh regiment tramped into the square behind Colonel Clarke and built a wall of white and gray on the road facing the tomb.

All this time brilliantly caparisoned horses, with handsome, gold slashed officers, dashed across and around the space. The air was filled with the sound of solemn dirges. On the river were the war ships shaking the mountains with their cannons and from the city came the sound of tolling of bells. Up the roadway bugle blasts sound faintly with the clashing of arms and the noise of horses' feet.

AN EVER CHANGING PICTURE.

There was more waiting. Hours of it. The Seventh regiment stacked its arms and the fatigued soldiers threw themselves on the grass in the shade. Food was given to them and they received it gratefully. Soldiers and sailors began to be mixed up on the hill where the regulars were massed. Rich colors blended and the hill changed its tints like a chameleon as the restless troops moved to and fro. Squads of militiamen and their brothers in arms marched up to the tomb uncovered, looked in and trudged back to their places in the ranks.

General Hancock's massive, soldierly figure stood out among the throng at the tomb and every minute an aide in gold lace galloped up to him, delivered a message and again flashed down the glaring road. The crowds began to complain at the delay. Where was the funeral car? Why was the delay? What a sight to see such an assemblage move when it became restless!

Two carriages arrived. From one came Mayor Grace, spectacled and perspiring, and from the other Comptroller Loew and Adolph L. Sanger. The Police Commissioners, headed by General Fitz John Porter, followed. All grouped about the tomb and talked to General Hancock. A poor negro approached and took off his hat. The General waved back the soldiers from the iron door and the colored man entered the vault humbly, reverently.

THE FUNERAL LINE AT LAST.

Again the sailor with the red flag spells a message to the gunners on the ships and the cannons roar their answer. A scarred zouave bears his wife to the tomb and leads her back to the edge of the crowd.

Now was heard the distant roll of drums, and instantly the whole square yawned with excitement. Horses and riders, flags and standards were grouped in front of the thick ranks of blue and yellow and scarlet and white that fell back with ripples of bayonets until the eye could see no further. Nearer and nearer came the drums and the lines of bayonets became straight and rigid. A cloud of dust floated over the road. Then, at half-past four o'clock, a line of carriages came in view as the pallbearers entered the shining, brilliant square. They alighted and stood for a moment motionless.

OLD FOEMEN LINKED TOGETHER.

General Sherman gave his arm to Colonel Joe Johnston; General Sheridan gave his arm to General Buckner. One moment all was pomp and splendor. The next a hush fell upon the scene as the soldiers who fought each other twenty years before walked arm in arm to the tomb. A spirit of softness began to steal into the picture. Through the air swelled the rich, sad chorus from under the hill, and suddenly the sombre funeral car came in view with a dark blue square of musicians in front and a wall of bayonets on each side. The air throbbed with solemn harmony and all the troops presented arms.

GRANT COMES TO REST AT RIVERSIDE.

As the car drew nearer the multitude uncovered. Tears stood in the eyes of the older men. A few knelt in the hot sand and bowed their heads. Still in the river the crash of the cannons made the air tremble. Rank after rank of soldiers wheeled into the road behind the tomb and joined the silent, shutting fields of color that covered the northern hill. The long line of black horses that drew the car seemed to creep.

President Cleveland and Vice President Hendricks were helped through the crowd to the door of the tomb just as the car halted. Then out of a quarter mile of carriages came a host of Governors, Senators, Chief Justices, Congressmen, Generals and men famous in every walk of life. Colonel Fred Grant appeared with his wife and behind him were his brothers, Jesse and Ulysses, Jr., with their wives and children. Little Julia Grant carried a large wreath, on which was inscribed in purple the single word "Grandpapa." Nellie, the toddling, brown-haired, favorite grandchild of the great soldier, held a tiny sheaf of wheat. The children seemed to be lost in wonder.

After a short pause the Grand Army Guard ascended the black steps of the car and lifted the purple casket. The music which broke out was heartstirring as the veterans came down to the ground slowly and laid the precious burden down in the brown shell with tenderness. Now the scene became majestic.

AN HISTORIC ASSEMBLAGE.

Sherman and Sheridan stood on one side of the casket looking into the eyes of Johnston and Buckner. In the two lines were the other pallbearers, facing each other. Johnston's venerable face was full of emotion, and Buckner folded his arms upon his broad chest while the sun beat down hotly upon his snowy head. A few feet to the west stood ex-President Hayes and ex-President Arthur, together. Senator John Sherman's tall figure and gray head loomed up behind Senator Evarts. President Cleveland, Vice President Hendricks and dark-visaged Secretary of State Bayard were almost lost in the dense throng of distinguished men who pressed forward.

No pen could reach the depth of the spectacle. The history of a wondrous quarter of a century was represented there. Men without whose [illegible] history of America [illegible] looked on to see the great soldiers of the North and South reunited over the bier of the foremost warrior of the century. Beyond them were the glittering troops, and in the river the war ships still thundering their salutes. The band at the tomb was playing a sweet dirge, and away over the hills came the chantings of other bands mingled with the dull beating of drums. Then the long line of veterans, white and black, lame and scarred, feeble and strong, filed past the tomb with tattered battle flags.

Away down the road came a new sound of thunderous artillery as the army belched forth the Presidential salute. And around it all was the silent, bareheaded multitude.

THE WARRIORS' BURIAL RITE.

The Grand Army men drew closer to the body of their old comrade and their rites begin.

"God of battles!" cried the commander, "Father of all amidst this mournful assemblage we seek Thee with whom there is no death."

The rest is a confused murmur but the solemn "Amen." Then a wreath of evergreen laid upon the casket, a spray of white flowers is cast beside it, and last of all a crown of laurels. A bugler played a call and all was silence. Stern old Bishop Harris advanced and read for a few moments under the shadow of an umbrella. Parson Newman followed him with a portion of the Methodist burial service.

THE TRUMPETER SOUNDS THE "TAPS."

Now the end approached. A regular army trumpeter stepped to the side of the purple casket and began to play the last call of the camp, "taps." As the sweet notes swelled out a tear rolled down the bugler's face and the music faltered for a moment. Sherman's head fell upon his breast and he cried like a child. Sheridan drew his hand across his face, and tears stood in Johnston's eyes. The stern lines of Buckner's countenance gave way and he trembled. Still the bugler blew his plaintive call for ears that were deaf, and when it ceased all the multitude was still.

"LET US HAVE PEACE!"

Peace silent soldier! Johnston and Sherman are friends to-day. Sheridan and Buckner have shaken hands. The grim face of Gordon looks down from yonder hill in sorrow!

Colonel Grant and his relatives moved forward to the casket. The children threw their flowers on it and retired. Poor little ones! they hardly seemed to realize their loss as they clung to their parents and listened to the throbbing music as the casket was lifted up and borne into the tomb. Then it was placed in the steel casing. The door was locked and the key handed to General Hancock, who passed it to Mayor Grace. A moment later it was given to President Crimmins, of the Park Commissioners.

General Johnston looked around in the crowd and could not see a face that was familiar. Then he walked slowly to the only friend he knew and leaned upon the shoulder of General Sherman. General Buckner seized the hand of General Hancock wrung it heartily. Then Johnston went to the Grant family and tried to comfort the ladies. He said kind words to them and to the children. Buckner also shook hands with Colonel Grant and tendered his sympathy to the ladies.

Away they went from the shadow of the tomb together. Not as of old, but softly, tenderly, lovingly. Oh blue! oh gray!

Now the Seventh regiment face the river and three volleys of smoke and flame rattle over the steep bank. There is a pause. The Twenty-second regiment turns about and fires three volleys more.

The guard is mounted, the dark crowds move, the bands are hushed the bells cease tolling. The tomb of Grant is now a shrine, and now a long line forms as the people flock to see it.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

THE RUSH TO GET DOWN TOWN—SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS FILLING BOATS AND TRAINS.

What a time there was when it was all over! The uncounted thousands who had got to the upper part of the city were moved by a common impulse to get down town, and to get there at once. A good many of them had had vague misgivings that perhaps there would be some difficulty in doing this, and many of these far-sighted individuals started for the Sixth avenue "L" road as soon as the funeral car had passed by and they could squeeze out of the jam. When they got near to the stations, however, they found so many other far-sighted people that even at that time it began to look dreadfully much as though there would be trouble.

But this was as nothing compared to the state of affairs when the people who were not far-sighted, or who were determined to remain until the last Grand Army man had marched by, turned their faces toward the elevated structure. This city has never seen anything that could at all compare with it. Jams, squeezings, blockades, crushings—these terms do not begin to describe it. "Two into one you can't," say the school children in the arithmetic lessons. A hundred or a thousand into one was a problem many times more difficult. People who have observed the crush on the "L" roads between five and six o'clock on week days, when everybody is going home at once, have shaken their heads and said to themselves that it was a miracle that such a condition of affairs could prevail without resulting in a terrible accident. It was a hundred miracles rolled into one that there was not disaster yesterday. The daily going home of the downtown toilers was as a comfortable jaunt in a cab in comparison with the squeezing, pushing, tearing experience of yesterday.

CRUSHED IN THE CARS.

Packed like sardines? Sardines were never so packed. The people who got to the elevated cars at all imagined themselves fortunate, and those who actually got seats thought that their portion was bliss; but the majority of them would have given a large slice of their earthly possessions to be able to relinquish the comfort they had struggled so hard for. From the street below could be seen torture on the faces that showed at the windows, while the pitiable condition of those who were caught in the stand up jam could only be imagined.

It was a vast glueing together of humanity. All New York was out, large sections of Brooklyn and Jersey City were represented, and then there were hundreds of thousands—just how many hundreds of thousands nobody could say—of country folk who had swarmed in on the railroad trains for days. Of course the horse cars were no less packed than the elevated roads, and, bad as is a jaunt from Riverside Park to the downtown section of the city, those who were forced to take it—and they were legion—fared better than their brethren overhead or on the surface cars.

SEEING ALL THE SIGHTS.

But despite their hard experience a large percentage of the people had their minds fixed upon doing one thing more—crossing the big Bridge. Next to witnessing the funeral procession that was the one thing that they were determined to do. As a result that structure had one of the greatest days it has had since it was thrown open to the public. The rush was pretty well distributed, however. As the procession got away from down town all those bridgeward inclined started for it. As the parade moved further up town other throngs of country people moved toward the Bridge, and it was only when the final ceremony had been performed and the crowd came in a lump from the upper regions of the city that the Bridge was seriously taxed.

Admirable arrangements had been made to prevent disaster. Every policeman was kept on duty, and Superintendent Martin, with the other Bridge officials, personally supervised the work of getting the great throngs over in safety. In the middle of the afternoon a HERALD reporter found Mr. Martin at the New York end and asked him how the transportation facilities were standing the strain.

"Splendidly," he responded enthusiastically. "We are surprised and delighted at the smoothness with which everything goes on. We cannot tell to-day just how many people have gone over, but I should estimate that between six o'clock and twelve this morning we transported 75,000 people each way, making 150,000 altogether. We ran thirteen trains, as close together as possible. These were very largely Brooklyn people who were coming over to see the parade. Now, in addition to these, we are getting all the country people, and nobody can calculate how many we will carry, but I imagine it will be at least twice as many as we carried this morning. We will run the cable all night if necessary, as I guess it will be."

Aside from the throngs who wanted to go over the Bridge and the other throngs who had some fixed purpose in mind there were swarms of out of town folks who did nothing but wander aimlessly about the city. The neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was a panorama and Broadway was a picture. Though all business was suspended there was as great a crowd on the thoroughfare as there is on the busiest day in the year. The big, black draped buildings were wondered at, and Jake Sharp's canary horse cars were admired and liberally patronized.

BREAKING LOOSE AT RIVERSIDE.

There is no pen in all the world which can adequately picture the scene which followed the solemn burial services. It was the wildest, most furious saturnalia which New York has ever looked upon. For an hour the outskirts of Riverside Park seemed like an infernal region. Human nature, fortified by strong drink, had broken loose, had gone wild, and all the worst traits shone forth as in a sudden frenzy. The long delay had caused the trouble. It had given opportunity for waiting soldiery to steal over the brow of the hill to the saloons of Manhattanville. Some of the men did not return at all, but others came back in time to mingle with the crowd which was trying to get away and to cause infinite danger and trouble to those not able to take care of themselves.

The completion of the ceremonies eased the lines of organization in large measure and the spectators rushed in and filled all spaces, throwing things into great confusion. All were generals now, or all privates, as you choose to consider the matter. Only the military organizations which preserved their identity were safe. While the regiments were marching route step to the various means of conveyance which had been secured to carry them to their armories the crowd was sprawling all over the park, trampling underfoot much vegetation which was valuable and seeming to be careless as to the damage they did on the territory from which they had been excluded.

A HILLSIDE SCRAMBLE.

The most of the rush took place on a steep hillside where the park runs down to 127th street, where the upper crosstown cars run to the west, and where a number of boats and barges were waiting for the passengers. To get up this hill was a difficult task, and to get down it a somewhat risky one; but the crowd poured down it furiously, recklessly, the strong carrying the weak with them. Helter skelter, pell mell, slide and tumble and sprawl, down they went in a heap, throwing up a cloud of dust and tearing many a suit of clothes. That some one was not seriously injured is a wonder, for an enormous number of people pushed down this steep incline, but the soft earth doubtless prevented a good many broken bones.

Once in the street the cars were mobbed—packed. A hundred more would have been filled in a jiffy. Half an hour later it occurred to the Third Avenue company to send a lot of cars across. They did a big business, but lost thousands of fares by not coming earlier.

AT THE "L" ROAD STATIONS.

All the way to the 125th station of the "L" roads a solid column of pedestrians moved steadily for an hour. At the station stairs there was a clogging of the stream, although half a dozen ticket sellers were doing their utmost and trains were running on a minute and a half headway, so many people kept on across to Third avenue and managed to keep things lively there for a time. It was a strange medley of men, women and children, all cross and weary and hungry, all anxious to get home, struggling fiercely to get ahead. Grand Army men, militiamen, zouaves and policemen were mingled with civilians in close pressure. There was much good natured bearing of the discomfort which inadequate transportation facilities brought, and it proved that the New York crowd is a champion one for philosophy and good humor.

At six o'clock the pressure was relieved and travel began to assume a more normal aspect.

TROOPS TAKING TO THE BOATS.

At noon a number of barges, tugs and steamers were at the piers at the foot of West Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth streets, waiting to convey down town the several military or civic organizations by which they had been chartered. The majority of them received orders to move up to the foot of West 125th street, as the bodies they were to carry back had resolved to keep in the ranks to the end of the route. There remained at Fifty-fifth street the barge John Neilson and the steamboat John Lenox, which took on board G. A. R. Posts Zabriskie, Van Houten and Wilson, of Jersey City, and another barge, on which the Young Men's Republican Association of Jersey City embarked.

At the foot of West 123d, 125th and 126th streets lay a fleet of barges, tugs and steamers waiting to carry down the river several of the regiments and organizations in the procession. When the last rites at the tomb had been concluded and the signal for dismissal was given the United States regular troops, the marines and the sailors from the men-of-war at anchor in the river and from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, marched down the steep, narrow and curving road leading from Riverside drive to the river. The barge Republic, the naval tug Catalpa and the revenue cutter Grant were employed in placing on board the men-of-war the sailors and marines belonging to them. Then the men who had come from the Navy Yard were marched on board the Nina, which steamed off with them. On the barges Republic and Atlanta were embarked the regular troops and their batteries. General Hancock's staff went on board the steamer James Bowen.

Down the same road came marching the Twenty-second regiment, which embarked on board a barge in waiting; the Seventy-ninth, which went on board the William H. Morton, and the Ninth regiment, which boarded the barge Curry. The Brooklyn regiments followed and embarked on the Steven Warren and the William A. Sumner. The staff officers from Brooklyn were carried home on the Union Ferry Company's boat New York. Barges and steamers were in waiting for several Grand Army Posts, which marched down the same road. Meade Post, of Philadelphia, embarked on the Chester A. Arthur; Grant Post, of Brooklyn, on the William H. Vanderbilt, and Dakin, Mansfield and Barbara Fritchie posts, of Brooklyn, on the Caledonia.

THE SEVENTH ON THE HORSE CARS.

The other Grand Army posts and civic and military organizations returned home by various routes. The Seventh regiment marched through 125th street to Third avenue, where surface cars in waiting brought them down to their armory. The Sixty-ninth regiment marched down Riverside Drive to 110th street, and thence via the Boulevard to 104th street, where they boarded "L" road trains. The Twelfth regiment went down town on a Hudson River Railroad train, and the Seventy-first went down town on a Sixth avenue "L" train.

SUNSET AT THE TOMB.

A GUARD OF HONOR SET—LAST CEREMONIES ON THE NAVAL VESSELS.

After the ceremonies at the tomb Battery H of the Fifth artillery, commanded by Captain Fessenden, fell out of their place in the column, and, wheeling to the left, bivouacked on the crest of the bluffs. In a very short time six tents had been erected, and, in the shade of some beautiful elms, the men lay at ease upon the grass. Fires were lit and coffee made, and at half-past five the men enjoyed their first meal since breakfast at the same hour in the morning.

At six o'clock, when the last of the troops had disappeared over the brow of the hill and the last reverberation of the final salute had died away, ten of the soldiers came marching up to the tomb in double file. The door of the sepulchre being reached, the men divided, and in a moment at each corner of the tomb two soldiers stood with presented arms, while to and fro in front marched the two first sentinels with trailed arms.

In a wealth of color the sun approached the horizon. One moment it hung on the cross upon which it fondly lingered, and then it sank behind the green hills on the other side of the Hudson. The report of the sunset gun came booming over the river, star after star peeped out and an impressive silence came over the place, which was broken only by the sound of the gravel crunching under the feet of the sentinels and the late visitors.

Embarking in the Catalpa and the steel launches, men of the naval battalion were transferred to their several ships. The Admiral's flag was hoisted on the Powhatan. The half hour guns were fired with striking solemnity and the yards remained cockbilled.

Suddenly the sunset gun was fired from the Powhatan, then in quick succession a report was heard from the Omaha, the Alliance and the Swatara. Then, as if by some magician's wand, the upper spars and ropes were peopled by a swarming crowd of reefers; a bugle sounded, and in the twinkling of an eye the yards were overhauled, and the fleet is as shipshape as ever.

This morning the men-of-war will drop down to their anchorage, some off Twenty-third street and the others at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

UNDER THE STARLIGHT.

NIGHT SCENES AT THE TOMB—MOUNTING THE GUARD.

Under the stars that spangled all the sky the soldiers kept their night watch at the tomb. Under the stars the bayonets gleamed, the sentinel's measured footbeat sounded and the relief guard passed like a troop of spectres in the shadowy landscape.

The white tents gleamed in the darkness of the trees, fitfully glittered the starlight on sword hilt and musket barrel. The great river stretching underneath was dark and silent, and the sails of the few laggard craft dropping down with the tide flashed only a moment and were gone.

So quiet and solemn was it all that fancy might well believe it a bivouac of the dead over the resting place of their old commander.

For long the stir and bustle of the day had lasted, but with the setting of the sun had passed away the pageantry of the troops, the flash of arms and the hubbub of the onlooking thousands. Under the greenish sky which ushered in the summer night all the stirring sounds had melted away, and from the summit of the hill where the dead was laid to rest the pomp and splendor of that august burial were effaced.

And yet a throng lingered. Prompted by curiosity or perhaps by veneration they crowded about the vault and choked the way to it. So when at seven o'clock came Undertaker Merritt and his men to place the casket in its steel burial case they had to elbow a passage to the entrance. Patrick T. Cregan, the patentee of the "ghoul proof" receptacle as it is called, had a force of assistants with him, who raised the cedar box in which the casket lay and placed it in the metal sarcophagus. The latter, half an inch in thickness and weighing 3,800 pounds, rests on a pedestal of marble from which it is separated by a sheet of plumbago. It is believed to be proof against atmospheric and other influences and cannot be opened by any ordinary method.

WITHIN THE VAULT.

Soon the vault resounded with the hammers of the workmen, and the creaking of the fancy screw driver, engraved with the name of "General Grant" on one side and "Merritt" on the other, which is to be treasured as a souvenir. In the dim recess, lighted by candles, were Messrs. R. M. Walters, Jacob Ruppert and Boyer Sharpman, the sub-committee of the Committee of One Hundred. Outside the throng restrained by Captain Beattie and a force of Park policemen had dwindled away, and the melancholy radiance showed only a cluster on the dark path.

Down from the mound overhead came the call, "Number one. Ten o'clock and all's well." It was the sentinel passing the word. Still the group sat in the vault, and now it was a painter, who, with pot and brush, covered with a new dark coat the burial case which had been scratched.

"Number two. Ten o'clock and all's well!" sounded away in the darkness, and was caught up and repeated by each of the six soldiers on guard. And now Captain Josiah A. Fessenden, in command of H Battery, Fifth artillery, appeared. His men, thirty-six in number, had been chosen to keep watch for thirty days over the General under whom they had fought at Shiloh in the Army of the Cumberland. They had pitched their tents in a hollow near the mound and, provisioned for five days, had already begun their melancholy duty of guarding the vault in bodies of six men, with a corporal and sergeant.

LOCKING UP THE VAULT.

A cluster of them stood outside, musket in hand, and, the final work upon the burial case concluded, the committee and workmen passed into the air. Then Undertaker Merritt turned the great brass key in the lock and gave it into Captain Beattie's keeping.

"Fall in," cried the latter, and with him at their head the graycoats passed away, while Sergeant Barrett and Corporal Thornton marched up their men. All was over. The sentries mounted guard. The onlookers passed away and the place was left to silence and to darkness.

The warrior had found rest at last. The night winds which sighed through the leafage of the park were soft and low. The rattle of the elevated railroad trains, heard only for a moment and then expiring in the distance, was dull and muffled. The lonely martial figures standing around the tomb were mute. The warrior had found rest, and God's starlight shone upon the hill and suffused the melancholy vault like an assurance of His peace.

THE HOMEWARD RUSH.

PASSENGERS BY THE THOUSAND AT ALL THE RAILROAD DEPOTS.

The ebb of the great tidal wave of humanity which had been flowing into this city for three days set in about one o'clock, by which time many visitors from the country had seen the procession. The ebb was comparatively easy until three o'clock, when passengers began to arrive at the various railroad depots in floods which taxed the ability of the railroad men to handle crowds, and made them think that the crowd which had been three days in coming wanted to go away all together.

The people went to the big red and white Grand Central Depot in constantly increasing streams and by every means of conveyance. They filled the big waiting room until the air became hot and stifling as in an oven. The ticket agents and porters had more business than they could attend to. When the doors were opened there was a wild rush for seats. In the confusion Station Master Ward, of the Central road, was hurt so that he had to go home, a little boy was badly bruised by a fall and a young lady who was about to board a train fainted. Every train was divided into from two to five sections of ten cars each, and the sections were drawn out as rapidly as possible. Notwithstanding all efforts the trains, with the exception of those on the New Haven road, were from ten minutes to three-quarters of an hour late.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

Few in the crowd noticed a drawing room car which was standing on one of the middle tracks. The railroad men might have had difficulty in preserving it from injury at the hands of relic seekers had its identity been generally known. It was the "Woodlawn," in which General Grant's body was brought to this city.

It is estimated that 15,000 passengers were carried out by the New Haven road, 20,000 by the Central and 10,000 by the Harlem, making a total of 50,000.

The homeward rush over the Cortlandt and Desbrosses street ferries to the Pennsylvania Railroad also began in earnest about three o'clock. From that time on the boats crossing to the New Jersey shore were laden down with human freight. The troops and Grand Army men did not return in bodies but in small parties. The varied uniforms gave an animated look to the depot. There was a continuous rush from ferryboat to train, but it was said that most of the passengers were bound for places near New York, persons from a distance remaining here over night, as a rule.

HUNGRY AND TIRED.

Many of the visitors, especially those who took part in the parade, were hungry and tired. Many said that they had not had anything to eat since five o'clock in the morning. It is estimated that two thousand persons were fed during the day at the railroad restaurant. At half-past four o'clock the steamer Chancellor arrived with part of the First and Second New Jersey brigades, which had embarked off Riverside Park. At seven o'clock she returned with more of New Jersey's representatives.

About eight o'clock the George G. Meade Post, of Philadelphia, arrived, escorted by a New York post. After nine o'clock the rush of travel slackened considerably, but increased again after eleven o'clock. Trainmaster Adams estimated that the railroad travel for the day would amount in round figures to about 50,000 or 25,000 each way. Of this number 12,000 were residents of Newark. This is the largest day's business known to the road. The next largest was on the occasion of President Cleveland's inauguration.

The crush at the Erie Depot was tremendous. Depot Master Hepburn said he did not want to see anything like it again for a long time. Extra cars had to be put on all the trains, and even then it was not possible to accommodate all the passengers comfortably. One of the railroad officials thought that fully one hundred thousand persons had crossed the ferries to the foot of Chambers street and West Twenty-third street, and that fully two-thirds of that number had been carried by the Erie Railway. After nine o'clock no trucks or vehicles were allowed on the boats during the busy spells, and the officials even then had difficulty in preventing the passengers from dangerously overcrowding the boats. Not a single accident had taken place, it was declared with pride.

A FRAUD PUNISHED.

Several spurious Grand Army men were discovered. When one of them who claimed to have fought under General Grant was exposed the Grand Army men indignantly tore off the decorations which literally covered the front of his coat, and a policeman thought it necessary to interfere to save him from personal violence.

Immense crowds of people filled the boats of the Christopher and Barclay street ferries on their way to the trains of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway or to their homes in Hoboken. There was the same wild hurry-scurry and rush as on the other lines and the same intermingling of men, women and children and of uniformed soldiers and veterans, singly and in bodies, with the citizens. The rush continued very large and trains were run out of the depot with great frequency and all heavily laden. The travel was heavy until seven o'clock, when the trains began to leave at longer intervals because the crowd was diminishing. About nine o'clock the traffic again became heavy.

Superintendent Woolsey, of the Hoboken Ferry Company, estimated the number of passengers carried to and fro during the day up to eight o'clock at 40,000. The railroad company carried about 25,000 persons yesterday. It was considered the greatest day in years, if not in the history of the railroad.

THE BEREAVED FAMILY.

THEIR LAST TRIBUTE—MANY CALLS OF SYMPATHY.

Twelve carriages were assigned for the use of the Grant family and their near relatives. At ten o'clock Colonel Grant was informed that these vehicles were waiting at the entrance to the hotel on Fifth avenue for their occupants and that it was desirable that there should be no loss of time on the part of the mourners in getting ready to take their position in the line of procession. In obedience to this request he marshalled the family and their more immediate connections, and at once entered the carriages. In this party of mourners were Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant, their daughter Julia, their young son, U. S. Grant, whose departed grandfather always playfully called "General," by which pet name he is frequently known: Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant and their daughter, Nellie; Dr. Sharpe, who married a sister of Mrs. Grant; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cramer, Mr. Simpson Grant, a cousin of Colonel Grant; Mrs. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Dr. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Holman, of Long Island, Miss Rollins, the eldest daughter of General Rollins and a ward of General Grant; Señor Romero, Mr. N. E. Dawson and Mr. W. J. Arkell.

Mrs. Grant, the widow of the General, was not present. Some of her friends strongly urged her up to a late hour on Friday to be present, but she said that she felt that she had bid the General "goodby" at the funeral services at Mount McGregor, and she preferred to have that as the remembrance of their last parting. Though it was known last night that all during the day her sorrow had been so great that she had been more or less confined to her sick room. Still, in a message from Mount McGregor received from her last night she expressed her satisfaction that she had been true to her original resolution of remaining on the mountain.

Though, in obedience to those in charge of the details of the procession, the Colonel caused his party to be in their carriages soon after ten o'clock it was one P. M. before they were able to fall into line at the hotel, and it was six o'clock at night before they returned. With the exception of the comparatively short interval when they assembled around the tomb they had been compelled to remain in their carriages all that time. This, necessarily, involved more or less discomfort, especially to the ladies, "but all this was forgotten," Colonel Grant said, "in the opportunity that was afforded them to witness so wonderful a tribute of respect to the memory of General Grant."

The Colonel expressed himself as greatly pleased with the arrangements that had been made for the funeral and with the great popular demonstration of respect. The family had a large number of callers at their rooms last night, and it was very late before they were able to retire. They expect to leave for Mount McGregor by the 9 A. M. train to-morrow.

Colonel Fred Grant, Jesse Grant and Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., came into the upper corridor of the Fifth Avenue last evening, and received an ovation from the throng of ladies and gentlemen present. Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes was with them, and they were introduced to the Governors of States and many men of note from the South, who were profuse in their expressions of sympathy. This was the first appearance of the members of the Grant family in public.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

EMBARKING ON THE DESPATCH AND SAILING UP THE HUDSON.

The Presidential party spent the morning quietly in their rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel until they were called to take carriages. A great many cards were sent up to President Cleveland's room, and most of the callers were cordially received, but business topics were carefully eschewed.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the tomb President Cleveland, Secretaries Bayard, Whitney, Lamar and Manning; Postmaster General Vilas, Attorney General Garland and Colonel Lamont were driven to the 125th street wharf.

A policeman created quite a sensation by running across lots ahead of the President's carriage and loudly crying, "The President is coming!" At the wharf a cheer for the President was given, which Mr. Cleveland acknowledged, looking at the same time with an air of severe reproof at the thoughtless cheerers. The party, being joined by General Hancock, were then taken on board the United States steamer Despatch, which then steamed up the river. There was much speculation last evening regarding the President's whereabouts. Employés of the hotel asserted that he had gone in the Despatch to Tarrytown and had then taken train for Albany or en route to the Catskills, but it was also asserted he had gone to Greystone to visit Mr. Tilden.

THE DEPARTING GOVERNORS.

QUITTING NEW YORK WELL PLEASED WITH THE DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Governor Cameron and the Virginia military companies arrived from Norfolk at one o'clock yesterday morning in the steamship Breakwater which had been chartered for the occasion. He was the only Governor who rode at the head of his troops in the funeral procession. The Virginians left for home by the steamer at two o'clock this morning.

Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, and staff went on board the New Haven cars last night at eleven o'clock.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, said the demonstration surpassed anything he had imagined could take place. In every respect he was satisfied that General Grant's memory would be held with that high respect paid to Washington.

The Governor of Illinois will start home to-night. A drawing car for himself and staff has been engaged on the Chicago express this evening.

Governor Harrison, of Connecticut, accompanied by the Hartford Light Guards, left by boat at six o'clock last evening.

AT THE HORSES' HEADS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS FROM ONE OF THE MEN WHO HELD THE TWENTY-FOUR HORSES.

One of the men who led the horses attached to the funeral car tells an interesting story of that feature of the procession.

"You must know, in the first place," said he, "that we were not employed and paid for what we did to-day. We should have been very glad, indeed, to have paid for the privilege of taking the part we did, for we consider it a very great honor. It will be something to tell our children and our children's children. Most of the men are members of the Fifty-third Street Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Wisher is pastor. Indeed, Mr. Wisher himself took charge of one of the horses, and was proud of it. He carried a gold headed cane.

"There were thirty-six men in all to attend the twenty-four horses, it being thought likely that in such a long march some of the men would drop by the way, or need to be relieved of the care of a mettlesome horse. We were all to wear black frock coats and black trousers, high silk hats, white ties and standing collars. This outfit we provided ourselves. The undertaker presented us with white gloves and badges like this," and he showed one which was inscribed thus:—

IN MEMORIAM—GRANT GUARDS.

"I got up at five o'clock in the morning. We were to be on hand at the stable in Fifteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, at seven o'clock. There the horses were brought in from different stables. Some were private teams, some livery horses and some were brought in from the country. It was the intention to have them all black, but some that were more brown than black had to be put in the line. As they were brought in they were cleaned off and the heavy black nettings were put upon them. By the time they were all ready the funeral car had been brought to the stable from Eleventh avenue by four horses that had been sent for it. Then we were arranged according to size, the tallest men taking the wheel horses. We started at nine o'clock, reaching the City Hall about half-past nine. We started from there with the body at twelve minutes before ten o'clock. Everything went smoothly, after a long wait, until Howard street was reached, where the off fore horse became nervous and kicked over the traces. I got a little nervous myself, for he made such a fuss that I was afraid he would excite the other horses, set them to plunging and perhaps start them off. That would have been disastrous. However, he quieted down after some little time and there was no further trouble till Forty-eighth street was reached. Then it was found that this same horse had a nail in his foot and had gone lame. He was taken out with his mate, reducing the number to twenty-two. A trace broke near this point, but one of the men quickly punched another hole in it and the delay was so trifling as hardly to be noticeable.

"At Fifty-seventh street we were compelled to remove the centre plume from the car in order to clear the elevated station. At 116th street there was considerable of a stop, which the men took advantage of to stay their stomachs' cravings. It was then nearly four o'clock, and we had not had bite nor sup since very early in the morning. From there we went on without further stop to the tomb. There was gathered such an assemblage of distinguished men as, I guess, there never was assembled before. It occurred to me that if there had been an earthquake just then it would have swallowed up all the big men of the country, including the President. When the casket was lifted out the car was

fifths against the world, were the people there ungrateful to the Reformed, whose the people were who the heroes and martyrs? Could we look back upon the country then, and not look back upon it in the spirit, we then should not be proud of it. Now, when we see there here some of the same old ideas at work, we feel that we have a right to be proud of it, and I don't suppose we'll get over this in a hurry.

"But we don't call this. We don't think we have. We don't call this a celebration. We call it a monument erected to form evidence into a permanent organization to be called the Grant Guards. We don't want anybody to come here and think that we are going to make a political demonstration. We need to present to with cheers for $100 or $200 each for that purpose."

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

ARRANGEMENTS IN LINE—OFFICERS AND THEIR AIDS—THE CARRIAGES.

The procession was divided into three main sections—the military escort, the civic escort and the civic divisions. The following illustrates the arrangement of the line, with a complete list of all the organizations composing it and the names of the principal commanders and their aides:

THIRD DIVISION—MILITARY ESCORT.

Major General Winfield S. Hancock,
Commanding Escort.

Staff—Colonel Robert Ogden, Quartermaster General; Colonel A. A. Pope, Quartermaster General; Colonel Daniel Mechlem, Chief Paymaster; Major Asa B. Gardiner, Judge Advocate General; Major Charles Adsit, Aide-de-Camp; Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Rives, Aide-de-Camp; Lieutenant Colonel Wm. Young, Aide-de-Camp; Major Alexander Hunter, Aide-de-Camp; Judge Advocate; Lieutenant S. E. Allen, Signal Officer; Lieutenant Colonel Daniel E. Sickles, Inspector General; Lieutenant Colonel Robert N. Scott, Chief of Artillery; Major General D. S. Stanley, Major General U. S. Farnsworth, Second Major General Wesley Merritt, Major General Alfred H. Terry, Major General Martin T. McMahon, Major General Thomas H. Ruger; Brigadier General Robert L. Viele, Major General Commanding Department of the East; Major General Oliver O. Howard, Major General Commanding Department of the Platte; Major General Thomas J. Rodman, Major General Commanding Department of the Missouri; Brigadier General Frederick A. Walker, U. S. Artillery, Major General Commanding Department of Dakota; Major General John M. Schofield, Major General Commanding Department of the Pacific; Major General John C. Robinson, Major General Commanding Department of the Gulf; Major General Joseph Hooker, Major General Commanding Department of the East; Major General Irvin McDowell, Major General Commanding Department of California; Major General Thomas L. Casey, Major General Commanding Department of Washington; Major General Henry W. Slocum, Major General Commanding Department of the Mississippi; Major General Fitz John Porter, Major General Commanding Department of the Missouri; Major General Frederick D. Grant, Major General Commanding Department of the Dakota; Major General Nelson A. Miles, Major General Commanding Department of the Columbia; Major General John Pope, Major General Commanding Department of the Missouri; Major General John M. Palmer, Major General Commanding Department of the Gulf; Major General Philip H. Sheridan, Major General Commanding Department of the Missouri; Major General George G. Meade, Major General Commanding Department of the Atlantic; Major General William T. Sherman, Major General Commanding the Army of the United States.

GRAND ARMY CHIEFS.

S. S. Burdett, Washington, Comptroller-in-Chief, Department of the Potomac; Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Washington; Adjutant General, Department of the Potomac; Judge Advocate, John Tyler, Pennsylvania; Quartermaster General, Department of the Potomac, Washington, Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Ellis, Pennsylvania.

Aides—Harrison Bingham, Winfield S. Shaw, Charles Wilhelm, Jr., Frank Wilhelm, Charles Wilhelm, Jr., Frank Wilhelm, Charles Hamilton, John Bingham, J. M. Gaddard and Robert Wilson.

Department of the Potomac—Wagner and Gilbert, Jr.

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

George G. Meade, Post, No. 1; General Meade's post, Department Commander, Chas. N. Post Post, No. 26, Philadelphia; William Sumner Appleton, Post, No. 20, Boston.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

H. Carr Hall, commanding.

Charles W. Crosby, Leslie The Commander, John H. Hall, Department Commander, Brooklyn; Joseph Scott, Superior.

Frank J. Cauldwell, Department Commander, Albany.

Charles W. Gordon, commanding.

Alden—Lieutenant Colonel Charles Boone, Jr., A. Cornell and E. Boone.

Richmond, No. 64, Mariner's Harbor; S. S. Marvin, No. 65, Port Richmond; Wm. H. Seward, No. 66, Stapleton; Lieutenant Colonel Charles Boone, Jr., Grand Marshal, No. 70, Fordham; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 71, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 72, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 73, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 74, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 75, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 76, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 77, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No. 78, Brooklyn; Joseph Pulitzer, No.

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The weather in New York and its vicinity to-day promises to be generally from clear to partly cloudy and warmer, with possibly a shower at night. To-morrow it promises to be warmer and partly cloudy, preceded possibly by a shower, and followed by a slight fall of temperature.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS.

By the Mackay-Bennett cable our correspondent at Cowes sends a long and interesting despatch about the yachting week, describing the company, the dresses and the race for the Queen's Cup.

The divorce case in which Sir Charles Dilke is implicated has been put upon the law list in London.

Seven lives were lost in a fire at Manchester, N. H., which broke out in a large five story building that sheltered 300 people and had only two exits.

There is talk of secession in the Northern States of Mexico unless there shall be a change in the federal financial policy.

At Murfreesboro, Ark., a mob attacked two murderers in jail, shooting one and setting fire to blankets to roast the other. Both will probably die.

Near Dayton, Ohio, a man was fatally scalded by the bursting of a fat rendering tank.

St. Paul merchants ask the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to build a branch to Brotle City, M. T.

Two more are added to the list of victims from meat poisoning at Valparaiso, Ind.

A man and wife were arrested at Nevada, Mo., on a charge of murdering two Kansas men.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle held its inauguration day service.

George Barton, of Canton, Ohio, was shot by his wife.

The captain of the schooner Smiling Water is charged at Halifax with scuttling his ship at sea.

Carpenter, the fugitive Richmond bookkeeper, is on his way to that city to make restitution or stand trial.

General Grant's remains were laid in the temporary vault at Riverside Park yesterday, with military surroundings befitting his rank as a soldier, civic honors commensurate with his standing as a statesman, and testimonials of loving esteem and respect that belonged to him as a man. The number of persons in the parade was estimated at 50,000, and it is calculated that there were 2,500,000 spectators.

There were a number of cases of prostration from the heat during the parade and several accidents, but nothing of a serious character occurred.

Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal churches in New York and Brooklyn met on Friday evening at Williamsburg to make arrangements for the twenty-eighth annual convention of the National Association of Local Methodist Preachers.

Five passengers were landed at the Barge Office, and there were eleven employes to help their baggage through.

Yesterday.

There is nothing more that Americans can do for General Grant in token of gratitude except to remember him. The nation watched by his bedside with infinite solicitude, but Death, the only enemy to whom he ever surrendered, was inexorable and invincible. He has been laid in his last resting place, and it is the privilege of New York to stand guard at his grave through all coming time.

The procession yesterday was almost a miracle. Its constituent elements were such that even history must record the event with surprise and wonder. "Our size of sorrow" was "proportioned to our cause," but as the catafalque went by and we heard the words—

> Short grows the homeward road,
> On with your mortal load,
> O grave, we come—

we all remembered that the institutions of this country are fixed on a firmer basis because he lived. And that which made the scene phenomenal was the presence of mourners from all parts of the restored Union, who vied with each other to do honor to that great soldier who lived to see the bitterest enmity change into confidence and friendship.

General Grant discovered the American Republic. We had dreamed of the grandeur of republicanism before, but he revealed to us its omnipotence. Under his leadership we learned our mettle. We are grateful to him and proud of him, not more for what he did for us than for what, by the inspiration of his genius, he made us do for ourselves. He believed in the people, and after years of bloody war the people believed in themselves. The future, then, is safe, though Grant is dead. But the teacher of a nation will not be forgotten till the nation itself crumbles.

The steps of Grant's advancement were all tragedies. The first call for troops was made on April 15, and on the 19th Grant was drilling his company at Galena. At the end of five weeks he had a colonel's shoulder straps. At the end of three months he ranked as brigadier general of volunteers.

On September 6 he seized Paducah, and by a successful stroke of strategy secured Kentucky to the Union cause. His men trusted him and he trusted them. He never said "Go!" It was always "Come!"

In February, 1862, the North was almost in despair. Fort Donelson was a second Gibraltar. The days and weeks of failure trailed like a lengthening chain. The place seemed impregnable. General Pillow on Sunday morning sent a despatch to the people of Nashville, saying, "The day is ours!" A service of thanksgiving was held in the church. Before the service had ended the ominous news was whispered by white lips, "Fort Donelson has surrendered!" The North took heart. The South became despondent. General Grant was the victor.

On the 3d of July Pemberton, the defender of Vicksburg, sent a flag of truce to Grant asking what his terms were. "Unconditional surrender," was the reply. The next day the Confederate flag was lowered and our flag went to the masthead. Grant became major general of the regulars, and his name and fame were everywhere.

Quiet, silent, persistent, never losing faith in the cause, he moved slowly on, leaving victory behind him on every battlefield, until he reached Appomattox. Then was heard a crash as of thunder—and the Union was saved.

He is gone. He had faults. Who has not? We cannot see them, because the brilliancy of his deeds shines in our eyes. The North gathers at his grave. The South sends its representatives to weep there. North and South forget the past and remember only the country. One cry from henceforth should be, "The Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!"

A Ring and a Lock of Hair.

Among the many touching incidents in connection with the death of General Grant none are more pathetic than those which are suggested by the title of this article. They will be kept by the historian like a fly in amber. They emphasize so delicately and yet so firmly the tender relations existing between the great man and his faithful wife that the people must needs feel their love and admiration for him increasing. We have always known that his happiest hours were passed within the limits of the family circle, but in these two incidents we have a romance of affection which is intensely pathetic.

Years ago she placed on his finger a ring. He wore it as a kind of talisman, whose magic influence could repel impending danger. In war, in peace, in the imminent breach and in the calm pursuits of leisure it was the token of undimmed and undying affection. When through long continued sickness his hand became emaciated the ring was removed; but after death the son bent over the rigid body and placed the mother's gift upon that cold finger again, that the dead might bear it to the grave.

The other incident is still more pathetic. The dying man wrote a letter to his wife, to be delivered to her when all was over. In answer to that letter, whose contents are far too sacred to be told, which was doubtless filled with expressions of an affection which will outlive the tomb, she wrote another letter, enclosing a lock of hair, filled with the hope to meet him on the other side of the mist of death, and that letter was placed in the pocket of the dead warrior to go with him to his last resting place.

We are not inclined to be sentimental, but as simple facts in the married life of wife and husband these incidents are well worth recording. They tell a long and sweet story of the happy past, and who shall say that their reference to the future is unfounded?

A Deplorable Deflection.

The Philadelphia *Press* is half inclined to say of Mr. Curtis, "With all thy faults I love thee still." Mr. Curtis, our critical contemporary declares, was guilty of a "deplorable deflection last year," but his steadfast support of reform mitigates the anathema which it becomes necessary to pronounce.

Pray, what was Mr. Curtis' crime? He believes in honest government, and has believed in it ever since he laid aside his pinafore and put on trousers. He has never believed in anything else. The republican party got into bad ways and he left it. It was accused of pilfering from the public treasury, and the accusation was so well established that Mr. Curtis determined to part company with it. Was Mr. Curtis guilty of deflection? On the other hand, it was his party which deflected, and so badly that tens of thousands of voters were ashamed of it.

When Mr. Cleveland was nominated he made it distinctly understood that if elected he would conduct the government as he would conduct his private business. That was what the country wanted, and the country believed that Mr. Cleveland would redeem his pledges, and do it in spite of whatever obstacles might arise from whatever source. Mr. Curtis was one of the number who voted for him, and he did it because he was convinced that Mr. Cleveland would give the people what the republicans had practically refused to give them. Was that "deplorable deflection?" We can only answer that that kind of deflection, so far from being deplorable, is evidence of honesty and manly virtue, and constitutes the highest kind of consistency. The voter who deflects from dishonest practices, in whatever party they may be found, shows that he is governed by opinions, not prejudices.

The Only Rational Conclusion.

More than a fortnight ago the Secretary of the Treasury, being troubled, as all his more recent predecessors have been, by complaints about undervaluations of foreign imports, sent out a general letter asking American manufacturers some questions about the cost of their goods, the proportions in which the cost should be divided among material, labor and machinery, what changes they would recommend in the manner of imposing and collecting the revenue—in short, a series of questions intended to bring out facts which would enable the government to remedy the evils of which the manufacturers themselves complain. He is still waiting for the answers. Why? The following conclusion, which we reprint from the Wilmington (N. C.) *Morning Star*, seems inevitable:—

> It is enough to make reflecting men move when they see the unwillingness of Northern manufacturers to answer the simple, practical, businesslike circular that the Secretary of the Treasury sent out. It is suggestive also to read the comments of protection organs upon the questions propounded in the circular. The question most naturally occurs to all thoughtful persons, "Why this silence? Why these objections?" There is but one answer—the protectionists are afraid of the facts. The reason why all manufacturers will not respond frankly is that it will reveal more of the iniquities of the tariff than they are willing to make known.

Without a Flaw.

Nature never presented a more sympathetically benign aspect than she exhibited yesterday. The elements, which of late have warred with more than customary virulence, were subdued to a state of peacefulness beautifully in accord with the motive of the day. Cool shadows accompanied the long, tiresome march of the mourning column and refreshing breezes modified the temperature, causing a general exemption from the disasters which must have occurred had the day been one of extreme heat. The demands that were made on the ambulance service, as it was, are an indication of what would have happened with a less kindly disposition of weather. And the public peace was sustained in entire agreement with the character of the day and the nature of its observance. It is at such times that New York should be proud of her people. There are few cities in which such vast numbers could be massed in the public streets for hours, all intent upon one exciting subject, and all remain good natured, courteous and self-denying. The absorption of the entire population in the one topic of conversation, the one object to be viewed, was so engrossing as to utterly preclude all divergence into those channels of waywardness in which large crowds so commonly indulge. Then, too, the organization and management of the parade were perfect, the police were on the alert everywhere, active and earnest in the performance of their duty, and the comparatively unimportant list of casualties is fairly balanced by the few arrests for minor offences. It is most gratifying to the HERALD to be able to record in its local columns the minutest details of this most admirable demonstration in honor of General Grant, with no serious misadventure or catastrophe to mar its perfect serenity, to cast a single blot upon the beautiful picture of popular devotion.

The Meeting of the Emperors.

Kaiser William has met the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl. The interview between the two monarchs having taken place the world breathes freely again. Now the Kaiser and the Czar are to meet, for the good of Europe and the world at large. These three monarchs have met pretty regularly during the past years, and there has been a vast amount of newspaper philosophy expended on the significance of their meetings. But the world does not seem to have been either much benefited or injured thereby. Kismet is still the greatest of rulers notwithstanding.

The Law as to Delivery of Telegrams.

Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, holding Circuit Court in Iowa, has just decided a case involving several interesting points touching the duty of a telegraph company with respect to the delivery of messages. One of the points is this:—A man in Chicago sent a message to another in Des Moines asking him to come immediately to Chicago to accept a business proposition. The latter was the private secretary of the Governor of Iowa. When the message was received at the telegraph office in Des Moines the operator telephoned to the Governor's office asking whether the secretary was there. Reply came back that he was out of town and would not return for two days. Thereupon the message was sent to his house and delivered to his wife. At the same time the company sent a despatch to the sender informing him that the secretary was out of town. The latter did not receive the telegram addressed to him till the next day, and in consequence lost the business opportunity offered.

He sued the company for damages. Justice Miller holds there was no negligence on the part of the company. He says:—"When informed that plaintiff was not of the city and would be for two days, the company did the precise thing which it ought to have done—namely, delivered the message to his wife at his residence, and thus enabled her, the most likely of all persons in the world to know where her husband was, to send the message to him immediately. If she did not know where he was it was the fault, if fault was in any one, of the plaintiff, who had neglected to inform her. The despatch remained in her hands from half-past four P. M. until nine minutes past seven P. M., and during this time the golden opportunity was lost. We think this was contributory negligence sufficient to defeat the action."

The New Treatment of Hay Fever.

From the report of a committee of the United States Hay Fever Association, appointed to collect scientific data, it seems that a remedy for this desperately obstinate malady has at last been found. This report, published in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 6th inst., contains the results of Dr. Charles E. Sajous' experiments in treating hay fever by the superficial organic alteration of the nasal mucous membrane. The theory was advanced by this Philadelphia physician in 1883 that hay fever is caused by the simultaneous concurrence of three conditions. These are:—First, an external irritant, such as dust or the pollen of grasses, plants, flowers and cereals; second, a weakened state of the nervous system, rendering it susceptible to the irritant; and third, a sensitive condition of the mucous membrane of the nose. Dr. Sajous has found that the local irritation by dust and pollen is unquestionable, and he points with great force to the fact that the help which the "hay fever resorts" afford to patients is due to their elevation above the sea or to location in which but little dust or pollen floats in the air. It has been clearly proved that hay fever patients, while enjoying comparative immunity at hay fever resorts, have brought on the paroxysms of the disease by handling dusty objects or by exposure to vegetable dust.

The treatment he has found adapted to these conditions is that each sensitive spot in the nasal mucous membrane is touched with the galvano-cautery or an acid, which alters the surface of the membrane and annuls its irritability. Once destroyed, the minute nerve fibres which were oversensitive to irritant dust can never return, and the cure is thus made permanent, there being no nerve left capable of transmitting to the weak nerve centres the impression of the agent to which the patient is especially sensitive. The number of applications necessary to give relief depends, of course, on the number of sensitive spots, but with a majority of patients about fifteen or twenty sittings are required.

The remedy may seem to some timid sufferers rather formidable; but when it is remembered that the disease has defied all previous methods of treatment, necessitating in many cases a sea voyage or sojourn at some remote hay fever resort (which after all can only afford partial and transient relief from the more acute symptoms), Dr. Sajous' treatment offers more hope than any other which has been brought to public notice in this country.

As to permanency of cure wrought by this somewhat heroic treatment, the report, prepared by Mr. M. Richards Mucklé, states that "a number of the cases thus treated being of two and four years' standing, more satisfactory evidence cannot be adduced." Old sufferers from the disease will be thankful to learn that, as the olfactory membrane is not involved in the new treatment by the cautery, the sense of smell is not impaired, but in some cases is improved—the reduction of the tumefactions on the membrane allowing odoriferous particles to reach the olfactories with greater freedom.

Yachting at Cowes.

Our yachting despatches, sent from Cowes by the Mackay-Bennett cable, will be found so breezy, so bright, so gay with color and animation that they will appeal to readers wholly outside the charmed circle of yachtsmen. No sport has grown so popular in England. While pigeon shooting is falling under the ban of legislation; while hunting is almost banished from such favored spots as Ireland; while the "noble whips" of the past, rivals of the professional coachmen who drove the Wonder or the Age, indulge in occasional sneers at the smart parades in Hyde Park, yachting has gone on winning favor as the leader of sports, and the universal enjoyment which it affords in England does much to provoke the generous emulation of America.

Emigration to the South.

While it is true that the West offers many inducements to immigrants, the time is at hand when a part of this vast inflowing tide ought to turn to the South. But if the South expects to reap the benefits of immigration it must make its advantages known. The Continent of Europe is being canvassed by agents who, as a matter of profitable speculation, dilate eloquently upon the opportunities which are hanging from Western trees like overripe pears ready to be picked. The South does almost nothing of the kind. And yet there is no portion of this country where an industrious, thrifty, widowake man has such a chance to better his fortunes as in the South. Why do not our neighbors wake up to the exigencies of the occasion and get their share of the people who are tired of doing nothing in Europe and hope to be something in America?

The Fine Cotton Crop Prospects.

The July report of the National Cotton Exchange holds out an excellent promise for cotton planters this year. The weather conditions in July over the whole "cotton belt" were very favorable to the growth and development of the plant. There has been no extreme condition of heat or rainfall or drought in any large area of the South or Southwest. This favorable July report may now be supplemented by the statement that the weather of the first eight days of the present month has been equally helpful to the crop. It has had less rainfall and more sunshine than it had in July—conditions which just suit it. Unless some untoward change in the season takes place shortly, it is not improbable that the yield in all the cotton growing States will be unexpectedly large.

The King of the Ideal.

The King of Bavaria is in serious financial trouble. He is to be placed under the government of a council of regency. He is to be crowded off his throne. The Queen of Spain has just taken the youngest Infante to Munich in search of a husband. King Ludwig cannot marry. He was married to Art years ago, and refuses to give up in middle age the love of his youth. In an empire where military science has become a cult the King is declared to be a crank. But Germany will do wrong to allow him to be deposed. His influence on music and art in Germany has been beneficial, and the world would be sorry to see him dethroned. He does no harm, and he is the only King of the Ideal in Europe.

Concerning Mothers-in-Law.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania holds that a man has no insurable interest in the life of his mother-in-law. There is, it says, no consanguinity between them. He is not legally liable for her support, though as a matter of fact he often has to maintain her. Neither can inherit from the other. "The mere fact that he married her daughter gives him no such pecuniary interest in the preservation of her life as to permit him to effect a valid insurance thereon for his benefit." The Court furthermore hints that such a policy is against public morals. "As to the son-in-law," the Court remarks, "it is purely a gambling contract."

Is Zanzibar Doomed?

Four German men-of-war are in the neighborhood of Zanzibar at the present moment. This means business. For an alleged alliance with Germany England promised to give way to Germany in her African colonial craze. The Sultan of Zanzibar has been left by England to the tender mercies of Germany. In this African grab game justice is left quite out of the question. Sultan Seydid is doomed to come under a German protectorate.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE WEATHER FORECASTS.—The western depression, now central near Lake Michigan, will probably move into the St. Lawrence Valley, causing southeasterly winds, preceded by occasional fog, on the upper Jersey and New England coasts to-day. Temperature rose slightly in the United States yesterday, with maxima of 91 degrees at Louisville and 95 at Augusta, Ga., and Shreveport and 96 at Fort Elliott. In this city and suburban districts to-day warmer, clear to partly cloudy weather will probably prevail, followed possibly at night by light rain. In the Middle States and New England warmer, fair to partly cloudy weather will prevail, followed by rain in the former. On Monday in this city and section and in New England warmer, partly cloudy to fair weather will probably prevail, with possibly occasional light rain in the morning, followed in the evening by slightly lower temperature. The present outlook for Tuesday is slightly cooler, clear weather, followed by higher temperature. It is likely that a "warm wave" will extend over the country during the middle and latter part of this week.

Dr. J. F. Elmore, Peruvian Minister at Washington, is at the St. James Hotel.

Their respective friends are trying to get up a swimming match between Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, and Mayor Low, of Brooklyn.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, late United States Minister at the Court of St. James, arrived at the Brevoort House last evening from his home in Massachusetts.

The death in San Francisco, Cal., of Mr. Ralph Emerson, aged seventy-nine years, a schoolmate and kinsman of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is announced by the press of that city.

The Boston *Traveller*, advocating more attention on the part of New England farmers to the quality of their live stock, makes the point that it costs no more to feed and care for fine cattle than it does to feed and care for poor cattle, and whatever difference there may be in the first cost is likely to be more than offset by the value of the products.

THE STILTED STOCK MARKET.

Steady Decline in the Volume of Speculation.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

Why Gold Will Leave New York This Year.

There is a universal disposition in Wall street just now to look at affairs through a rose colored medium. Any one who attempts to show them in the hard, white light of fact is cried down as a Jeremiah. It is only natural that brokers who can get commissions only on a rising market, and bankers whose boxes are stuffed with depreciated stock collaterals should desire an immediate "boom" and be annoyed when one asserts that the basis for such "boom" does not as yet exist. But deceiving one's self does not alter the facts; the horse in the story that saw shavings through green spectacles and ate them for grasses died of dyspepsia.

Looking, then, at the facts, it is clear that there is nothing in the condition of trade or industry or in the affairs of the railroads to support the high figures to which a number of the leading railroad stocks have been advanced. True, nothing succeeds like success, and the movement by which the control of the West Shore property has been secured, the Wall street bears routed and the stock market lifted must be regarded as one of the most brilliant and daring in the annals of the Stock Exchange.

THE BOTTOM FACTS.

But the marking up of prices has not lighted any furnaces, it has set no new spindles in motion, it has not increased the traffic of the roads by a single ton, it has not wrought any change which would add to the intrinsic values of railroad stocks in any such measure as their prices were advanced. What will they do with the stocks acquired in making the advance? They are in strong hands—hands strong enough to carry them for years, if that were necessary, or until improved conditions shall give such an impulse to railway traffic as will make them worth the prices they are quoted at. They certainly are not worth them now. The reports of the principal roads for June show a marked decrease, although the comparison is with a month of exceptionally large decrease last year. The railroad pools in all parts of the country are only deferring their dissolution by temporary extensions of a month—extensions which really mean nothing, as rates are being constantly cut. It is claimed that rates will be advanced and sustained after the settlement between the New York Central and Pennsylvania roads shall be fully arranged, but the decreased volume of traffic and the shortage of 200,000 bushels in the wheat crop are ugly facts to face. Again, the uncertain position of the Baltimore and Ohio road, the possibility of its gaining an independent entrance to this city and making its own rates, is an element that seriously threatens the talked of advance.

THE STOCK MARKET SINKING INTO DULNESS.

Meanwhile the public shows no disposition to buy the stocks which were jumped to high figures last month, and trade at the Exchange is dwindling rapidly, the total sales for the five days of last week being in round numbers 1,000,000, as against 1,700,000 the previous week, and 2,300,000 for the one before that. A few investors or small speculators are picking up small amounts of Denver and Rio Grande and other low priced stocks, arguing that the amount risked in them is small, but the great bulk of the trading continues to be in a few cliqued and manipulated properties. For instance, it may be noted that five stocks furnished considerably more than half of the whole volume of last week's business. Lake Shore and New York Central, which were the leaders in the recent advance, appear to be now simply held about steady, the former being now quoted at the same figures as one week ago and the latter showing a fractional decline. The notable advances of the week have been in Jersey Central and two of the "one man stocks"—Mr. Pullman's palace car and Mr. Gould's Western Union.

THE ACTIVE SHARES.

The precise number of shares dealt in during the week was 1,612,358, and the following table will show that seven-tenths of all the business was in the fourteen stocks included. The net advances and declines for the week are given:—

	Shares.	Changes.
Western Union	173,162	Adv.... 3⅞
Lackawanna	106,286	Dec.... 2⅜
Lake Shore	101,294	Unchanged.
St. Paul	99,170	Adv.... ½
Oregon Trans.	67,320	Adv.... 1⅝
Northwest	63,963	Adv.... 1⅞
Union Pac.	58,775	Unchanged.
Jersey Cent.	41,604	Adv.... 4⅞
L. & N.	37,577	Adv.... 2
N. P. pref.	28,087	Adv.... ⅜
Kansas & Tex.	26,385	Adv.... ⅝
N. Y. Cent.	23,921	Dec.... ⅛
Erie	18,833	Adv.... ⅛
Mln. & Man	14,660	Dec.... ⅞
Total	719,919	

BUSINESS STILL DORMANT.

Advices from the principal cities indicate little or no change in the industrial or trade situation. With the exception of an increased demand for fabrics and shoes at a few centres everything remains in midsummer stagnation. The iron market is no better, and no result has thus far followed the meeting of the steel rail manufacturers. The position of the anthracite coal producers is distinctly worse, as the already large stocks are fast increasing and buyers are holding off. Sales far below the schedule prices are reported.

The bank exchanges are smaller and money is reported a greater drug than ever. Banks in this city which have heretofore declined to lend at the low rates prevailing at the Stock Exchange were last week in the market offering large sums at 1 per cent per annum on gilt edged collaterals. The situation has so changed that many banks which a year ago had the bulk of their money placed so as to yield a fair return, and which loaned only their surplus "catch money" at 1½ or 1 per cent, now have only a small proportion of their funds placed at good interest, and are obliged to lend the bulk of their money at 1½ or 1 per cent. The change in the position of the money lenders is, therefore, much worse than is indicated by a comparison of quoted rates for loans.

WHY GOLD WILL LEAVE THE CITY.

Several large bankers down town complain of the change made by the Treasury in the matter of issuing silver certificates. Formerly, on deposit of gold at the Sub-Treasury here, silver certificates to a like amount were issued from the sub-treasuries at other cities on the depositors' order. It was a very easy way for bankers or merchants to transfer funds to their correspondents, and they allege that it was also an easy and capital way for the Treasury to increase its gold reserve, and without expense, since there was no cost involved. In reply to inquiries Assistant Treasurer Acton stated on Friday that in one year $35,000,000, gold, under the old rule, was deposited in the Sub-Treasury and silver certificates issued against it in New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities. A prominent German banker having extensive southern connections says that the refusal of the Treasury to accept the deposits and issue silver certificates will result in a large amount of gold coin leaving this city for the South as soon as the yearly demand sets in, because legal tenders for shipment are not to be obtained.

MEXICANS TALK OF SECESSION.

DISSATISFACTION IN NORTHERN STATES OVER THE FEDERAL FINANCIAL POLICY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 8, 1885.—The *Globe-Democrat* prints a special despatch from La Jarita, in the State of Nuevo Leon, Mex., which says that the Governors of five of the Northern States of Mexico have been in secret council there for several days past. The object of the conference has been kept a profound secret, but a remark was made last evening by an intimate friend of Governor Cuellar, of Nuevo Leon, to the effect that in the event of the English debt, in its new form, being forced on the people, it would be advisable for the Eastern and Northern States to secede in a body. It is believed that the council is considering the financial policy of the government, which is strongly opposed by leading and influential men in the Northern States, and that the question of secession under certain circumstances has entered into its deliberations.

THREE DEAD MEN IN A BOAT.

STRANGE DISCOVERY MADE BY A FRENCH VESSEL IN MID-ATLANTIC.

HALIFAX, N. S., August 8, 1885.—The French consul at Sydney, C. B., has received a letter to the effect that the French brig Deux Cousins, of St. Brieux, passed in mid-Atlantic a large ship's boat containing the dead bodies of three men. The boat had a piece of pole for a flagstaff, to which was attached a piece of canvas as a flag of distress. She evidently belonged to a Norwegian vessel, as she had the name "Richard Ludwig" painted on her. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and it was impossible for the brig to secure the bodies and give them a Christian burial.

BOTH KILLED FOR A WOMAN.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., August 8, 1885.—During a quarrel over a woman here to-day between Barney Palm and Joe Molasses both drew revolvers and shot at the same time. Seven shots were exchanged, a ball striking each just above the heart. Both men died.

AT COWES.

Yachting and Yachtsmen---A Fashionable Week.

ROYALTY AND NOBILITY.

How the Fleet Looked---How the Ladies Dressed.

THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

Lorna Beats the Egeria and Takes the Prize.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

Views of Lieutenant Henn and Sir Allan Young.

MERITS OF THE GENESTA.

[BY THE MACKAY-BENNETT COMMERCIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

WEST COWES, Isle of Wight, August 8, 1885.—The finest racing fleet ever gathered together in British waters are now flying their fighting colors off the Royal Yacht Club Castle at Cowes under the command of Commodore His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The prevailing weather has been clear, with a blue sky and an almost dead calm. The inevitable result is that as a purely sporting event the Cowes week has not been a success, but viewed as a grand pyrotechnic bouquet that closes the gayety, conviviality and rocket-like activity of the London season the week has been more than usually brilliant.

"SMART" SOCIETY.

Cowes is overflowing with royalty and peers of the realm, who appear as old and young men of the sea, from the crowns of their navy blue caps to the soles of their pipe clayed canvas shoes. The ladies look even more nautical than the men, clad in dazzling white, blue or crimson serge, embroidered with stars and gold buttons, and with white navy caps. Every one "who is anybody" in London society is here and very many others.

THEN AND NOW.

It is a boast among the inhabitants of Cowes that royalty is at home here and need not fear being mobbed. The Prince of Wales used to walk about the streets unattended, go in and out of the shops making purchases, if not unobserved certainly unmolested, like another Haroun al Raschid; but now, from noon to twilight, crowds of excursionists, male and female, young and old, swarm about the gates of the Squadron Club House, armed with telescopes and racing glasses, with which they take aim at the Prince and Princess and other Royal Highnesses with an accuracy and persistence worthy of a better cause. Nor is this all. A select band of amateur photographers have made a descent upon Cowes and taken a position close to the Royal Yacht Club. They lie for hours in ambush for royalty. The instant a royal prince or princess emerges from the club grounds the caps are whisked off the cameras and the deed is done.

THE YACHTS.

Among the yachts in the Roads are Aline, Commodore the Prince of Wales; Mirage, Vice Commodore the Marquis of Ormonde; Shark, the Duke of Rutland; Kathleen, Earl Fitzwilliam; St. Agnes, Lord Alexander Gordon-Lennox; Francesca, the Earl of Caithness; Surprise, Lord Vivian; Lyra, Sir William Brown; Carmen, Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley; Cavalier, Sir M. Shaw-Stewart; Lalla Rookh, Sir William Thomson; Santa Maria, Mr. J. A. Rolls, M. P.; Ellida, Sir George Stukeley; Caprice, Mr. Philip Percival; Gwynfa, Colonel F. Dugmore; Sheila, yawl, Mr. Alexander Percival; Olivia, the Earl of Morton; Lotos, Colonel Lloyd; Evangeline, Mr. L. T. Cave; Egeria, Sir John Mulholland, M. P.; Corrinne, Mr. Nicholas Wood; Goshawk, Mr. J. R. West; Mallard, Captain the Hon. Henry Dickeson; Cetonia, Mr. E. Guinness; Maude, Major Wallace-Carpenter; Sheila, Mr. R. C. Tyllior-Blunt; Bianca, Mr. E. Cust; Czarina, Mr. Albert Brassey; Free Lance, Mr. Frederick Ellis; Sleuthhound, Lord Francis Cecil, R. N.; Stella, Sir Allan Young; Morgina, Mr. Charles Drummond; Lorra, Mr. S. Hope-Morley, and Wanderer, Mr. Charles J. Lambert.

THE BELLES OF THE FLEET.

The most admired among the cutters are Mr. Jameson's Irex, the most successful racer of the year; Lieutenant Henn's beautiful steel built Galatea, Mr. Foster Connor's Marguerite and Mr. Coate's Marjorie, the fastest boat in England in a light breeze. The only American yacht here is Mr. Phelps' Brunhilde, of the New York yacht squadron, which arrived here in twenty-six days from New York, bound on a cruise round the world. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, on the splendid steam yacht Eros, 748 tons, well represents France, and the colors of "the majesty of Denmark" float from the Chazalie, that Mrs. Gerard Leigh brought as a wedding portion to her present husband, M. de Fabre, Danish Minister in England.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

On shore every house and lodging is taken. Earls, countesses, barons and baronesses, with inferior titled aristocracy, abound, and admirals and generals are obliged to be more or less content with sleeping accommodations, situated over grocers' shops, at the rate of $6 a night and twenty-five cents for attendance. Villas and pavilions overlooking the parade are almost worth their weight in silver. Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Post represent America. Lady Mandeville is a guest of the latter. The Maharajah of Johore and his suite, all dazzling with diamonds and gold lace, put in a fine appearance for India.

THE QUEEN'S CUP.

In the race for the Queen's Cup the yachts were divided into A, B and C classes, the schooners, which showed such good sport last year when there was a fine breeze, being in the B class. In class A were Lorna, Mr. S. Hope-Morley's yawl, 85 tons, and Sleuthhound, Lord F. Cecil's cutter, 40 tons; and in class B Aline, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales' schooner, 191 tons; Cetonia, Sir E. Guinness, Bart., schooner, 184 tons, and Egeria, Mr. J. Mulholland, M. P., schooner, 142 tons; and in class C Alerte, Lieutenant Innes-Lillingstone, R. N., cutter, 50 tons; Satellite, Captain Bainbridge, R. N., yawl, 57 tons, and Sheila, Mr. A. Percival, yawl, 54 tons. Under yacht regulations the Lorna was top weight, with Sleuthhound second, and, as I have said, the former was allowing the schooners a lot of time.

"OFF."

A good start was effected at ten A. M., Lorna first passing the mark, with Sheila holding second place, Alerte third, Sleuthhound fourth, Satellite fifth, Cetonia sixth, Aline seventh and Egeria eighth. The tide was just commencing to flow, and Cetonia, which was kept out in the middle, got the worst of it, Aline and Egeria passing her rapidly, and, with the exception of Cetonia, the others hugged the shore. Sleuthhound was not long in getting into second place, and she and Lorna soon drew away from the fleet, the wind being too light for the schooners. Aline and Egeria, however, passed Satellite and Alerte. Off Egypt Point Egeria tried to squeeze to windward of Aline, and the latter had to haul off to avoid putting her ashore, but Egeria could not manage it on that occasion. All the same she succeeded in getting through shortly after, and when passing Gurnard buoy the positions were:—Lorna, Sleuthhound, Sheila, Egeria, Aline, Satellite, Alerte and Cetonia.

FORGING AHEAD.

The two first named were close under the land and appeared to be getting the best of the breeze, Sleuthhound having her lee rail nearly under water. Cetonia then got a puff in Gurnard Bay which sent her along in beautiful style, but she was still a long way behind, Egeria keeping her lead of Aline, Alerte and Satellite close together. Sheila was third vessel. In the journey to the Nab Sheila broke her topmast and put back, but Lorna got further and still further away in the turn to windward. Cetonia finally gave up the contest, and Lorna was the first vessel sighted from Cowes when they returned. She was holding a fine breeze, with spinnaker set and everything drawing. However, after passing Old Castle Point, she had to stow her spinnaker, the wind coming more southerly from the harbor.

TIMES.

The times of arrival were:—

	H.	M.	S.
Lorna, winner of Queen's Cup......	3	58	45
Egeria..............................	4	20	03
Sleuthhound.........................	4	22	28
Aline...............................	4	38	42

Alerte and Satellite were not timed.

Lorna had to allow Egeria 19m. 46s., and thus won with just over a minute to spare.

THE COSTUMES.

Many pretty dresses are seen every afternoon in the club gardens. The favorite dress worn by the Princess of Wales is much admired. The front skirt is plain, falling into three plaits on the right side and draped loosely on the left. The plainness is relieved by handsome open work embroidery in graduated stars, making a Vandycked edge to the skirt. Under this open work, which is formed by cutting the cloth in patterns, appears a contrast in a space of rich crimson cloth, and each star is outlined and finished by a cord of mixed gold and navy blue. The bodice is a little coat edged with embroidered stars and falling over a blue vest embroidered to match the dress.

DAINTILY ARRAYED.

Princess Henri de Bourbon is in a cream canvas cloth skirt, formed by a drop kilt from the waist. The bodice, with plaits front and back, fastens under the skirt and is made neat at the waist by a handsome gold sash, which is carried round to the back, where it forms the drapery in a succession of loops. Another gown made for her is in navy blue serge. The front of the skirt is formed by three diagonal panels, buttoned with handsome buttons, which both serve as ornaments and help to keep them in place. The whole dress is braided in hussar fashion in a new chainmake of braid of mixed navy blue and red.

NAUTICAL ATTIRE.

Many pretty dresses were to be seen in the club gardens yesterday afternoon. White in some woollen material is most popular. A white dress with sailor's hat of cherry red straw, with ribbon and velvet lining of the same color, looked very pretty. Serge dresses are made without plaiting or flounces of any description, but have double skirts, the upper one often being lined with a color and artistically looped up on one side to show the lining. The newest jackets are tight at the back, with loose fronts turned back with a color, and showing a waistcoat often of white lawn or muslin. I saw several of those pretty white Astrakhan jackets. An original and pretty costume worn by Mrs. Brooke was composed of French lawn, with tiny ships in full sail printed on it, with here and there coils of ropes and anchors. This was worn over a petticoat of poppy red Indian silk.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

There is the greatest interest in the coming international races in the United States. The entire yachting community in England is confident that Genesta will win. I saw this morning Mr. Grant, secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron. I asked him, "Is Genesta the fastest cutter in England?" Mr. Grant replied, "Yes, Genesta is probably the fastest, although Irex and Genesta never had an opportunity of racing together. I think Galatea could do wonders if time enough were given to arrange her ballast and to understand her points and requirements."

AN EXPLORER.

I then saw Sir Allan Young on board his steam yacht Stella, still with her white paint which was put on for her late voyage to Suakim, where Sir Allan did such good service for the National Aid under the auspices of the Princess of Wales. Sir Allan felt sure that the Genesta would have fair play, and that the only desire was for the yachts to meet each other in true sportsmanlike manner and settle the question whether keels or centreboards are the best.

GALATEA.

Lieutenant Henn told your correspondent:—"The great ambition of my life is to win back the Queen's Cup won by the America. Galatea has not had any luck nor any fair chance in these little races here at Cowes. I think she could do quite as well, if not better, than the Genesta. We have all read, with the greatest interest and no little anxiety, the excellent records of Puritan and Priscilla."

AN OLD CUSTOM.

The Prince of Wales has postponed till Monday the revival of an old practice of sailing the club yachts in the squadron, instituted in the reign of George III. by that fine old sportsman the Earl of Yarborough, first Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who used to cruise about in a large ship-rigged yacht, with sixteen guns, like a small frigate.

"FASTEST IN THE WORLD."

I afterward had a conversation with Mr. Fauvel, secretary of the London Yacht Club, and Mr. Andrew Thomson. These gentlemen said that the prevailing opinion of practical yachting men in England is that Irex and Marjorie are both rather better vessels than Genesta, and taken all and all are the fastest all round cutters in the world. Lieutenant Henn adds:—"Galatea will probably not race again in England this year. I am perfectly satisfied with the yacht's seagoing qualities, and am confident that in the future she will realize my expectations as to speed."

THE RAILROAD CONGRESS.

BELGIUM CELEBRATES THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF STEAM LOCOMOTION.

[BY THE MACKAY-BENNETT COMMERCIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

BRUSSELS, August 8, 1885.—To-day began the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of railways into Belgium, where they were adopted before any other country on the Continent. The festivities commenced by a reunion at the Palais des Académies of the International Railway Congress, in which all countries were represented. From the United States were Mr. Edward [illegible] Central, [illegible] Mr. John Sims, of the Pennsylvania Railway. In an eloquent inaugural discourse M. Van Den Peereboom expressed the hope that the Congress would proceed to form an international railway union, modelled on the plan of the Postal Union, an idea received with lively applause. Meetings will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday next. The Congress will close on Sunday, the 16th, with a grand procession, in which will be represented specimens of all the means of locomotion used in all countries, from the oldest times to the era of railroads.

DILKE AND DIVORCE.

FIRST LEGAL APPEARANCE OF THE CASE WHICH THE MINISTER IS CONCERNED.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, August 8, 1885.—The petition in the divorce proceedings instituted by Mr. Donald Crawford against his wife, and in which Sir Charles Dilke, President of the Local Government Board in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, is made corespondent, was filed on Wednesday last. Sir Charles Dilke has retained Sir Henry James to defend him. Mr. Crawford is a barrister and many years older than his wife. He held a subordinate but important official position in the office of the Lord Advocate for Scotland in Whitehall. Mrs. Crawford is but twenty years of age. She is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Eustace Smith, radical member of Parliament for Tynemouth. Her sister is the widow of Ashton Dilke.

"MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYNS."

Mrs. Eustace Smith is one of the most indefatigable lion hunters in London. Her house in Prince's Gate has a character partly literary, partly artistic, partly political. If a rajah comes to England from the Nepaul Terai, if a traveller returns from the Blue Mountains of Thibet, if an explorer arrives from the River of Golden Sand, he is certain to be instantly drawn into Mrs. Eustace Smith's drawing room. All the fashionable novelists, all the applauded painters, all the statesmen of the hour are there to be found. As for Mr. Eustace Smith, who is not an important member of the household, he is a very rich shipowner, whose family have long held Tynemouth as a pocket borough. He sits in Parliament as a radical, and his wife is credited with writing the speeches in which he defends his ships against the assaults of Mr. Plimsoll. She is, indeed, quite a clever woman, and is generally supposed to be the original Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns of Du Maurier's caricatures in *Punch*.

ROUND ABOUT EUROPE.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, August 8, 1885.—The Marquis of Hamilton has inaugurated an organization at Belfast known as the "Loyal Irish League."

FARQUHARSON'S FLIGHT.

A reward of £500 has been offered at Dublin for the capture of Robert Farquharson, the absconding manager of the Dublin branch of the suspended Munster Bank.

LEAVING TOWN.

Members of Parliament have already begun leaving London. Several left the city last evening and many more followed to-day. All have gone to their respective homes to prepare for the elections in November. Parliament is expiring quietly.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

The *Post* says the latest despatches received at the Foreign Office from M. de Giers are so pacific in tone as to indicate a speedy and peaceful settlement of the Afghan frontier question.

ENGLAND AND THE PORTE.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, special envoy to the Sultan, left London to-day for Brussels, *en route* to Constantinople. Among the prominent persons who went to the depot to bid farewell to Sir Henry was Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary of State for India.

YOUNG MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, son of the ex-Premier, in his assertion that an alliance had been made between the conservatives and the Parnellites, hinted that Baron St. Oswald, of Nostell (Mr. Rowland Winn), was promoted to the House of Lords in return for his services in arranging the contract between the two parties.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BLACKMAILER.

The Englishman named Boydell, who was arrested at Vienna on July 30 for writing Mr. Gladstone demanding $1,500 before August 8, was to-day sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Boydell had threatened to publish disagreeable details of a private character if Mr. Gladstone failed to send the money by the time stated.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Frank Mayo is spending the summer down at Long Branch.

Miss Flora Moore is in town looking for a light comedy for the coming season.

The scenery for the Excelsior Folly Company is being painted by Mr. Harley Merry.

Miss Katherine Kidder has been re-engaged for the principal part in "Nordeck" this season.

The latest addition to Mr. E. A. McDowell's "Wedding Bells" company is Mrs. J. B. Hollis.

Miss Julia Wheeler, the Washington society actress, is to play with Mme. Rhea this season.

Mr. Edward Gilmore is back in New York after his summer holiday among the Thousand Isles.

Mr. W. J. Murray will be in Miss Margaret Mather's "Romeo and Juliet" company this fall.

Mr. Louis Harrison is rehearsing in the city the "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" company.

Mr. George Backus, of "Storm Beaten" fame, has been engaged next season by Mr. Bartley Campbell.

It is not at all likely that the "Mystic Isle" will be done at the Union Square Theatre to-morrow night.

The alterations and improvements in the auditorium and front of Daly's Theatre will be completed this week.

Mr. John Hanson, last season playing leading parts with Mr. William Stafford, goes with Mr. George C. Miln this year.

Miss Minnie Miller has succeeded Miss Ida Bell as one of the four beauteous daughters in "Adonis" at the Bijou Opera House.

Mr. J. M. Hill says that under his management the Third Avenue Theatre will be run as a strictly first class combination house.

Mr. Fred McCloy leaves for Denver to-night to prepare for the first American production there, on the 24th inst., of "In His Power."

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hart with their "Buttons" company leave town on Thursday and open their season in Burlington, Vt., on August 17.

Mr. A. R. Cazauran is at Larchmont giving the finishing touches to the play he has just completed for Miss Kate Claxton this season.

"Siberia," with grand scenic effects and a strong cast, is to be done at the Thalia Theatre on August 24. The piece had great success last year.

Mr. J. E. Whiting arrived home from Europe with his wife on Friday. He is to play this year with Mr. Frank Sanger's "In His Power" company.

"Mixed Pickles," Mr. J. B. Polk's new comedy, which has its initial New York production on the 17th inst., goes into rehearsals to-morrow morning.

Mr. Nate Salsbury is the party chiefly interested in Mr. Fred Bryton's new play "Jack of Diamonds." He has faith in the piece and is liberally backing it.

Mr. John T. Russell, who will manage Miss Kate [illegible], has arrived in town from the West, and [illegible] preparations for that lady's advent here.

The Barry and Fay combination have returned to New York, and report a good season's business. Mr. J. H. Stuart takes the company next season to play with Lotta.

The rehearsals for "The Mikado" are going on steadily under Mr. John C. Duff's direction at the Standard Theatre. The scenery for the two acts is almost completed.

Colonel John A. McCaull did wisely in prolonging the career of "The Black Hussar," for the operetta has had more than its full share of the phenomenal profits of the past week.

Miss Carrie Swain is in New York, busily engaged in preparations for her forty-eight weeks' season this year, under Mr. Frank L. Gardner's management. She starts out on September 14.

"Nordeck" is to have its opening production this season at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on August 29. Mr. Frank Mayo will produce it at the Third Avenue Theatre here on September 7.

Mr. Henry Greenwall, who controls the Texas circuit, leaves for home this week. He has filled all his dates for next season, having booked over sixty attractions to play through the State.

In the cast of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Union Square Theatre next month will be Mr. Sydney Bowkett. He played with Mr. Wilson Barrett in London in "The Silver King" and "Claudian."

Mr. Ezra F. Kendall starts out on his own account in theatrical business to-morrow night. He is to produce his own play, "A Pair of Kids," at Tony Pastor's Theatre and play the chief part in it.

The "Zozo" company, under Mr. C. R. Gardner's management, is rehearsing for the coming season at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. George H. Adams, the "Humpty Dumpty" pantomimist, is engaged for it.

The Salvini management have abandoned the idea of having Mr. Joseph Haworth to support the tragedian in his American tour this season. The leading man will either be Mr. John T. Malone, who supported Mr. Sheridan in his recent New York engagement, or Mr. Lewis Morrison.

Considerable alterations are to be made in the Comedy Theatre under Mr. Wyckman's management. Among them will be a double entrance instead of the narrow doorway now existing. Kolta, the magician, is to open the theatre, to be probably followed in December by Miss Carrie Swain in a new piece.

Miss Myra Goodwin continues in "Sis" another week at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. To-morrow night [illegible] the piece will be presented in a new [illegible] last not rewritten. The [illegible] Miss Goodwin is to introduce some new songs and dances. At the conclusion of her engagement on Saturday night she is to road "Sis" through the country.

It is to be decided at twelve o'clock to-morrow what theatre Mme. Janish is to produce "Anselma." Mr. Gardner, her manager, has sent the Lyceum Theatre people his ultimatum on the subject. Mme. Janish's opening, in consequence of the delay, has been postponed till October 15. Meanwhile she is at Newport, perfecting herself in the enunciation of the English language.

On Monday, September 14, Mr. Robert Grau's season of French opéra bouffe, done in English, will begin at the new Chicago Museum, which, it is the intention of its promoters, shall be to Chicago what the Casino is to New York. The opening operas will be "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Périchole," "Olivette" and "La Fille de Madame Angot." The season is to last for thirty weeks.

The following are the principal members of the company which will present James Bird Wilson's new play, "Lost," the coming season.—Messrs. Dore Davidson, Louis Grissell, Harry L. Stanley, W. D. Tilton, R. T. Sullivan, George Wood, Misses Hamie Auston, Amelia Howard; Mrs. Gilroy, Miss Mamie and Baby Gilroy. The opening date is fixed for September 7, at Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Miss Adelaide Moore begins the rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Star Theatre to-morrow morning. The cast will include Messrs. Joseph Wheelock, Atkins Lawrence, Leslie Allen, Mason Mitchell, E. L. Tilton, Fred. G. Ross, Archie Cowper, Charles Stanley, William Herbert, Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, Mrs. Octavia Allen and Miss Fanny Cohen. On next Friday and Saturday Miss Moore is to play the piece at Newport.

Mr. Edward Aronson, whose energy and geniality have done so much for the success of "Nanon" at the Casino, has been at his wits' end during the past week to find seats for the swarm of strangers who had been attracted by the fame of the operetta. At the concert which will be given in the Roof Garden to-night Mr. Rudolf Aronson's "Funeral March in Honor of General Grant" will be played by his orchestra, with much other lively and sentimental music interspersed.

The concert at Koster & Bial's to-night invites a visit from the strangers in the town. Besides the popular selections from "La Belle Hélène," in which all the favorites will appear, there will be several new additions to the programme. Miss Polly McDonald will carol a number of songs and Mr. D'Angelis will be seen in Teutonic specialties. Great preparations are being made for the production of a burlesque on "Nanon" at this house, and the management promises to surpass all previous efforts in the line of travesty.

The new Brooklyn theatre, the Criterion, is rapidly approaching completion. It is located in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, being situated on Fulton avenue, near Grand avenue. It is within easy reach of the "L" road and adjacent to seven lines of horse cars. The theatre will be run as a first class combination house, opening on November 1 with a new play, not yet named. The owner of the theatre, Mr. J. M. White, yesterday leased the building to Mr. Wesley Sisson, of this city, well known as a theatrical manager, and to Mr. Robert C. Hilliard, the Brooklyn amateur, for a term of years.

Mr. William T. Carleton, the popular baritone, who is now playing the part of the Marquis D'Aubigne in "Nanon" at the Casino, and who has entered into an arrangement whereby he will present that highly successful work through the principal cities of the United States, is now busily engaged laying out his route. Mr. Carleton thus far has succeeded in contracting with the best of the representative managers. His season will open at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, on October 5. Care is being exercised in the selection of the cast, and only the best artists will be retained. The engagements thus far made include Miss Louise Paullin, who will take the part of Nanon; Mr. George Denham will be the comedian of the company, and as his musical director Mr. Carleton has selected Mr. John S. Hill.

Mme. Judic's company for her American tour has been filled, and Mr. Maurice Grau has completed all the business arrangements necessary. There will be some sixty people in the company. Among them will be M. Mezières and Mme. Delorme. M. Victor Merle is to be the stage director, M. Gnerre the musical director and M. Durant the treasurer. Besides these a number of people have been specially engaged. They include Mlle. Alice Raymonde, of the Théâtre des Galeries, Brussels, and Théâtre Français, Nice; Mlle. Luneville, of the Théâtre les Bouffes, Paris; Mlles. Andrée, Alice Roy, Mlle. d'Arzac and Jeanne DeWitt. M. Henri Cooper, of the Variétés Theatre, Paris, who created last season the leading part in "Le Grand Mogul," is to play here with Mme. Judic the parts played with her in Paris by Mr. Dupuis. M. Cooper has already played with Mme. Judic in London. Mme. Judic's costumes will be entirely new and rich, and Mr. Lester Wallack has promised that the scenery will be in keeping with the high character of the company. Mme. Judic will open at Wallack's Theatre on Thursday, October 1.

RAIDING A BOGUS MINT.

IMPORTANT ARREST BY UNITED STATES DETECTIVES AT PHILADELPHIA.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

HERALD BUREAU,
No. 112 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1885.

A most important capture was made here this afternoon, when United States Detective James Scanlan, assisted by F. R. Kelly, chief of the detective force of this city, arrested John Duffy and an alleged accomplice named W. H. Sassaman, who is charged with supplying funds for the illegal enterprise. In Duffy's house was found a complete counterfeiting outfit, a large quantity of German silver in thin plates ready for cutting and stamping, a number of finished half dollars and about twenty-five hundred unstamped pieces. Steel dies were also found, ready to strike off five-dollar gold pieces.

The counterfeiters' den was situated in a small house on the outskirts of Germantown. Duffy, who is fifty years of age, has been living there with his wife for the past six months, and has been closely shadowed by the detectives. He made no resistance.

Sassaman was arrested when entering his cigar store, at No. 2,024 Ridge avenue, about six o'clock this evening. No counterfeit coins were found on him, but several papers of a criminating nature were discovered.

Both men were locked up for a hearing on Monday next. Duffy has served two terms for counterfeiting, and is regarded as one of the most dangerous men in his profession, being a skilled engraver of both plates and dies.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

DISEASE WHICH SIMULATES DEATH AND BAFFLES DOCTORS.

LONDON, Ont., August 8, 1885.—Miss Aida Lyle, of North Dorchester, has been stricken down with a disease which the doctors do not understand. She has lain for two weeks entirely helpless, without the power to speak or to open her eyes; yet she seems to be conscious. She lies as though dead, but when a stranger bends over her the slightest whisper excites her terribly; but as soon as her mother puts her hand upon her and speaks to her she becomes passive. The doctors think she may come out of this strange, deathlike sickness.

A RIVAL FOR WABASH.

SCHEME TO REORGANIZE AND WIDEN THE TOLEDO, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

TOLEDO, Ohio, August 8, 1885.—Ex-Receiver Craig of the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, narrow gauge, says he has formed a syndicate representing over half the indebtedness of the road, and will try to buy it at the sale. If they succeed they will widen the gauge from Toledo to St. Louis and make it a great rival to the Wabash. Receiver McNulta is now in New York trying to place certificates to raise money.

FOUR YEARS A PECULATOR.

BONDSMEN TO MAKE GOOD THE ACCOUNT OF A FUGITIVE OFFICIAL.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

WILMINGTON, Del., August 8, 1885.—The committee appointed to investigate the accounts of Henry H. Morrow, the absconding ex-secretary and treasurer of the Board of Public Education, have discovered that Morrow's peculations covered a period of four years and amounted to about $800, for which sum his bondsmen will be held responsible. The defaulter is now in Michigan.

HE PLAYED WITH A PISTOL.

FATAL WOUNDING OF A FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

WILMINGTON, Del., August 8, 1885.—While examining the contents of a bureau drawer this forenoon, Frank Hoach, aged four years, found a revolver and began playing with it. Suddenly it exploded, and a 32-calibre bullet penetrated his abdomen. Physicians probed for the ball, but were unable to find it. The child is in a very critical condition, and cannot recover.

FEDERAL OFFICES IN OHIO.

DEMOCRATS IN HASTE FOR THE DISTRIBUTION—CLAIMS OF THE VARIOUS ASPIRANTS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

TOLEDO, August 8, 1885.—Congressman Frank Hurd is here, and has had secret conferences with his friends. It is admitted by them that Mr. Hurd cannot longer postpone the appointments, and that they will be made as soon as Mr. Cleveland returns to Washington. Senator Payne told George L. Johnson, candidate for revenue collector, that he was sure his man. Mr. Lyman would be made Collector of Customs, but the friends of George C. L. Young, among them General King and General Dan Sickles, have gone to join the President and urge the claims of Young, who is a prominent Grand Army man, but a powerful petition has just been sent on by Judge Emory D. Potter, author of the low postage and three cent coinage acts of 1851, who was turned out of the office by President Lincoln. He claims to have certain information of his speedy appointment. The fight is growing warm. B. H. Dowling, postmaster, has joined the democracy, bringing the Post Office over with him. The gore of John Kumber, of the revenue service, is expected to stain the carpet of that office within the next ten days.

SHOOTING HIS OWN SON.

TRAGIC CULMINATION OF A LONG FAMILY FIGHT ABOUT PROPERTY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 8, 1885.—At Leavenworth, Darlington county, on the 4th, Evander Byrd, an old farmer, shot his son while the latter was attempting to tear down a cotton press on the old man's farm, killing him instantly. The family had been in litigation among themselves for a number of years concerning the right to the possession of land, and the case is still pending. On the morning of the 4th Louis and Peter Byrd, the sons, who had often cursed and threatened their father's life, went to his house accompanied by one Bragman, a neighbor, and proceeded to tear down the cotton press, about fifty yards from the house. The father ordered them off, but they cursed him and said they would pull down the press or die in the attempt. Peter Byrd and Bragman got under cover, but Louis kept his place at the press, and to the further order to desist he told his father to shoot and be damned, at the same starting to draw his pistol. The father then shot and killed his son. Bragman then seized Louis' pistol and endeavored to shoot the old man, but failed. The old man was bailed. The jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

SHOT HIMSELF.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., August 8, 1885.—Charles Ilse, a prominent citizen, in a fit of despondency this afternoon shot himself through the head and died to-night.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 8, 1885.—The 1:30 P. M. express train from Boston, on the New York, Providence and Boston Railway, to-day struck and killed George E. Barstow, who was at work repairing the abutment of the bridge over the Pawtuxet River.

BELIEVED TO BE MURDERED.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., August 8, 1885.—A special to the *Times-Union* from Enterprise says:—"James W. Bateman, late of Cincinnati, was found dead outside of his house in Waters & Gobby's orange grove, three miles from Enterprise, to-day. Bateman has considerable money, and foul play is suspected. The Coroner is investigating."

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT HALIFAX, G. C. B.

The Mackay-Bennett cable announces the death of Lord Halifax, better known as Sir Charles Wood. He was the eldest surviving son of Sir Francis Wood, second baronet, and was born December 20, 1800. He graduated as a double first at Oriel College in 1821, and was for some years private secretary to Earl Grey, whose son-in-law he became in 1829. He sat in Parliament as a liberal member for Great Grimsby, 1826-31; for Wareham, 1831-32; for Halifax for a consecutive third of a century, 1832-65, and for Ripon, 1865-66. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Earl Grey, 1832-34; Secretary to the Admiralty under Lord Melbourne, 1835-39; Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord John Russell, 1846-52; President of the Board of Control in the Aberdeen Cabinet, 1852-55, First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston, 1855-58, and Secretary of State for India in the second Palmerston Cabinet, 1859-66, after which he was raised to the peerage as Viscount Halifax in 1866. He had succeeded to the baronetcy in 1846, and was a deputy lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire. His eldest son and heir, Charles Lindley Wood, born in 1839, is married to Lady Agnes Courtenay, only daughter of the Earl of Devon. Few English statesmen have had so long a career in high office as Lord Halifax, who at the time of his death was the only survivor of the "Reform Cabinet" of Earl Grey.

JUDGE JAMES GARLAND.

A despatch from Lynchburg, Va., announces the death of Judge James Garland, who is said to have been the oldest Mason and the oldest Judge in the world. He was in his ninety-fifth year, and was a native of Albemarle county, Va., but in early life he removed to Amherst, where he studied law, and, having fully prepared himself, went to Lynchburg to practice. He was for years a member of Congress and was the intimate personal friend of President Jackson, in whose defence he once delivered one of the most notable speeches ever made in the House of Representatives by a Virginia Congressman. For years he was the commonwealth attorney for Lynchburg, and without exception was admitted to be the greatest prosecuting attorney that ever lived in that section of Virginia. He was made judge of the Corporation Court, which position he held for fifteen years, retiring December 31 1883. At the time of his retirement Judge Garland was far advanced in his ninety-second year, and was said to be the oldest judge in the world. He celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday on the 6th of last June, having practised at the bar and served on the bench seventy-three years.

HORACE WIGAN.

The Mackay-Bennett cable announces the death of Mr. Horace Wigan, the clever comedian. He made his first appearance on the London stage at the Olympic Theatre in 1851. He continued to act there for several years, and in 1864 he became sole lessee and manager. He produced a number of Tom Taylor's dramas and played the part of Hawkshaw in the "Ticket of Leave Man" with considerable success. In 1869 he joined the company of the Gaiety Theatre, and since 1871 he has appeared at many of the London theatres, playing in various parts in the line of comedy. Mr. Wigan was the author of several farces.

THE HERALD'S ENTERPRISE.

[From the Jewish Messenger.]

The HERALD aroused very favorable comment by its lengthy cablegrams describing Montefiore's funeral and Rev. Mr. Singer's sermon. It was the only New York paper which showed such enterprise.

[From the Jewish Herald.]

Dr. Kohut's allusion last Saturday to a cablegram in the NEW YORK HERALD pertaining to the late Montefiore is highly creditable to the learned gentleman, as he had barely time to read it, not to speak of interweaving it with his discourse and committing it to memory.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Congressman William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, and John M. Glover, of Missouri, are at the Fifth Avenue. General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, is at the Victoria. Mr. Eugene Higgins, of the Treasury Department, is at the St. James.

DIED.

MCKEE.—On August 7, MICHAEL MCKEE, born at Dysert, county Clare, Ireland.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at half-past two.

[For Other Deaths See Eleventh Page.]

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A.— HOW BRIGHT.

How bright the sun shines o'er the lea,
How bright the wave sets dance,
But brighter still a smile I know,
And a sweet maiden's glance.

It lights her face as yonder sun
Illumes the upper air,
It warms my soul as those bright beams
Reflect the glow up there.

And bright, between her ruby lips,
Gleam teeth so pearly white,
That, brushed with SOZODONT, they show
Like burnished flecks of light.

CUSHIONED IN ROSY GUMS, enclosed in lips that part in smiles like the opening rosebud the teeth gleam with dazzling whiteness if the charming possessor uses beautifying SOZODONT, which cleanses and blanches the teeth without abrading their enamel like mineral preparations designed for the same purpose. This agreeably odorous and salutary article not only benefits the teeth and enhances the beauty of the mouth but removes canker and remedies ulceration of the gums.

A.—HER MAJESTY'S CORSET REDUCES THE size and increases the length of the waist of fleshy ladies without injurious tight lacing; try them, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by all first class retailers.

CHOLERA, DIPHTHERIA, FEVERS, MALARIA, prevented by the use of REED & CARNRICK'S Sozine (disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior to all other disinfectants and germicides. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet. 182 Fulton st., New York.

DON'T LIMP WITH PAINFUL CORNS. ALLCOCK'S CORN PLASTER will cure them. 10 cents at all druggists.

GET A BOTTLE OF ANGOSTURA BITTERS TO flavor your soda and lemonade and keep your digestive organs in order.

LIQUID BREAD IS THE BEVERAGE FOR those who are subject to lassitude and debility caused by the advent of warm weather. It is a healthy and invigorating tonic. Grocers and druggists keep it.

EUROPE.

A. TO CONNOISSEURS OF ENGLISH ALE we recommend BURKE'S LIGHT, SPARKLING PALE ALE, bottled by EDWARD & JOHN BURKE, LIVERPOOL, as the finest Burton-on-Trent India Pale Ale. ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT, 130 Chambers st., 57th st. and 6th av., Broadway and 42d st. PARK & TILFORD, 917 Broadway, 120 and 656 6th av., 780 5th av.

ARTHUR H. GROVES, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 5 Rue Scribe, Paris.—Purchases made for the trade of Dress, Mantle and Silk Goods, Paintings, Bronzes, &c. Refers to Knevals & Ransom, 34 Nassau st., New York.

BONELESS SARDINES. BONELESS SARDINES. GUSTAVE PENANROS. Finest quality; pure olive oil; delicious for lunch. Grocers everywhere. Importer, JAMES P. SMITH, New York.

CRESCENT OLIVES. CRESCENT OLIVES. SMITH'S GENUINE CRESCENT OLIVES. For sale at all our stores. PARK & TILFORD.

EPPS'S COCOA. EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING FOR BREAKFAST. BLACKFRIARS, LONDON. MADE WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK. SOLD BY GROCERS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

HOTEL DES DEUX MONDES, AVENUE DE l'Opera, 22, Paris.

CARRIAGE BUILDERS—MILLION, GUIET & CO., 63 Avenue Montaigne, Paris.

WINES (FIRST GROWTH)—CLARET, BURGUNDY, Champagne, Sherries, Brandies. OUVILLIER, 14 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

LE ROY & FILS, HORLOGERS DE LA MARINE, 13 and 15 Galerie Montpensier, Palais Royal, Paris.

MME. E. CHEVALIER (FORMERLY [illegible] EAST 7th st., New York, left in 1881) informs American ladies that she has opened a Commission Office for Dresses, Trousseaux, Objets d'Art, &c., &c. 17 Rue Lepeletier, Paris.

THE NATION'S TEARS.

North, South, East and West Observing the Funeral Day.

PARADES AND ORATIONS

Wearers of the Blue and Gray Mingle Their Tears Over Its Grave.

MILITARY AND CIVIL PAGEANTS.

WASHINGTON, August 8, 1885.—The tolling of bells in this city announced the simultaneous obsequies in the National Capital and the north in New York. Public business was suspended and government departments closed, and business houses generally throughout the country. The services of government officers were in attendance at the obsequies, and all ceremonies behind closed doors were conducted at the department buildings.

The citizens of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, where General Grant worshipped while President, were rung between 12 and 1 o'clock. The pew occupied by him in that edifice draped in the American flag and mourning emblems.

MOURNING IN THE STATE.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF WIDESPREAD GRIEF AT THE LAST GENERAL OBSEQUIES.

ROCHESTER, August 8, 1885.—The city is draped in mourning and business houses are generally closed. This afternoon there was a long procession, including one of civil and military organizations. There were six impressive audience presents in the memorial services at the Central Church, the Rev. Dr. Hatfield officiating. Mayor Edward M. Smith, Judge Rogers of the Court of Appeals, Bishop Mcquaid, and an oration by Mr. George Ballard.

FRIENDS ON HISTORIC GROUND.

NEWBURG, August 8, 1885.—Attorney for mourning has been hung. Church bells toll and many store fronts were closed as the funeral procession began in honor of the memory of General Grant. Miss Paul, G. A. R., of Brewster, sang "Rock of Ages" at the grave. Many of the floral offerings were of people sent by them to the land and Union.

ORATIONS AND SALUTE.

ALBANY, August 8, 1885.—Memorial services were held in Rensselaer Grove this afternoon under the auspices of the G. A. R. Post. Addresses were made by Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Gen. Rufus Peckham, Mr. Wendell, Lieutenant-Governor Hill, Secretary of State Rice, Comptroller Chapin, Attorney-General Arnoux, Adjutant-General Tillinghast and Gen. Campbell presided.

THE THOUSAND MEN IN LINE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

WATERTOWN, August 8, 1885.—Impressive memorial services were held here to-day in honor of the distinguished dead. Business was suspended, and nearly one thousand men, soldiers and a detachment of regulars from Sackett's Harbor, marched in the procession. General Grant was at one time in the early military career of Colonel Bissell, who was a resident of this city. Colonel Bissell died in St. Louis, U. S. A., in 1864, aged fifty. A poem was read by Miss Newton, of New York, and addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Hall and others. The thousand people that met in the procession.

THE CELEBRATION AT CHATAUQUA.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

CHATAUQUA, August 8, 1885.—Ten years ago on the 20th of this month General Grant was present at a royal reception at this famous resort. To-day the Assembly grounds were draped in mourning, and the Assembly was opened with a memorial service. The distinguished soldier, in which nearly twenty thousand people participated. The principal address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Vincent, the dean of the Assembly, and addresses by Chancellor Haven, of New York, and Bishop C. H. Fowler, of New York. Dr. Vincent and Mrs. A. W. Benson, Mr. Vincent was General Grant's guest during his visit here, and Mrs. Benson was present at the reception. Several of the tents in the finest effortless were magnificent. A large collection of flowers was placed on the platform.

THE GRIEF OF SORROWFULLY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

SORROWFUL, August 8, 1885.—Like unto a funeral august to-day. Partisans was widely separated, and the public and many of the business buildings are draped. A good deal of business was done, however, and the day was not a holiday as it was thought. The streets being were decorated during the afternoon.

PRESIDENT ADAMS' REASON.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

DEDHAM, August 8, 1885.—Memorial services in honor of General Grant were held in the Unitarian Church this afternoon. President Charles Eliot, of Harvard University, delivered the oration upon the dead chieftain before a large and appreciative audience. The orator was a very intimate friend of General Grant, and his address was a fitting tribute prepared for the first time. The church was tastefully draped and decorated in mourning and white flowers. The pulpit was draped in the national colors. The services will be held in the church this morning, and the national colors of mourning and white will be worn. There will be no parade.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1885.—There was a great concentration of business in this city to-day, and the last vestige of toil ceased from the time of the commencement of the funeral ceremonies at Mount Hope, Rochester, until the last memorial service, which intervene until the hour of noon. The bells on all the churches tolled during the time of the funeral at Mount Hope, and for a short time during the day, and for the hours there was scarcely a vehicle on the streets. Flags were half-mast on the public buildings and flags in the great metropolitan centre. Over the whole city there was a pall of gloom, and the sorrow for the loss of the dead. Gospel meetings were held in various parts of the city, and the national colors of mourning were displayed.

SOUTHERN SORROW.

EVIDENCES OF SINCERE SYMPATHY AND DEEP REGRET ON EVERY SIDE.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 8, 1885.—The streets and the bells are solemn in honor of General Grant's funeral. The concert military are parading the streets with muffled drums and reversed arms. Mayor Hollis' proclamation suspending business and orders regulations were adopted. The Legislature adjourned to-day, and resolutions of sympathy and regret were passed. Flags are at half mast on public buildings, and business houses are draped. All other buildings are draped appropriately. The Governor has issued his address to each people, in New York.

BELLS TOLLED, GUNS FIRED.

SAVANNAH, Ga., August 8, 1885.—Memorial services were held at the various churches to-day, and bells were tolled during the march of the procession. Minute guns were fired and the flags of the city were raised from staffs to be draped by the colored soldiery.

THE GRAY AND THE BLUE.

NORFOLK, Va., August 8, 1885.—Day of respect in General Grant the business customers were closed to-day, and the tolling of bells, booming of cannon at short intervals and flags at half mast above the streets and on the shipping. In the harbor grew the city a display of respect. A memorial mass meeting was held at the Academy of Music, addresses being delivered by Colonel Cowper, Mayor of Portsmouth, and the surgeon of the Home Army of the Republic. Resolutions of sympathy and respect were adopted. Memorial services were also held in the churches, and all present participated. Many were present, and the music was appropriate.

DRAPED IN MOURNING.

AUGUSTA, August 8, 1885.—Business is generally suspended and the whole city is draped in mourning. Five thousand people attended the memorial services at the rink. Eulogies were pronounced by Rev. Dr. Boggs, Rev. Dr. Hillyer, Colonel Phinizy Barton and others. Military, firemen and civic societies were present.

THE TRIBUTE OF STEEL.

UTICA, August 8, 1885.—Public buildings and residences are heavily draped in mourning and business is wholly suspended. The Common Council this morning was long, and entered the city in a body. The Rev. Dr. Hall delivered the address. The Rev. Dr. Hall delivered the address. The Rev. Dr. Hall delivered the address

THE CRUISE AT AN END

Formally Disbanding the New York Yacht Club Fleet at Newport.

PROWS POINTED FOR HOME.

Alterations To Be Made to the Priscilla While She May Improve Her.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEWPORT, R. I., August 8, 1885.—Formality at last to-day was the obedience to general order No. 4, issued last evening, the gun boomed from the flagship Priscilla, and immediately the fleet dropped down the slender topmasts of the yachts in the harbor, and over every mizzen mast gaff were lowed from the Polynia, which, together with the half-rounded flag underneath it, made what was the last tribute of respect paid by the New York Yacht Club to the admiral of the squadron.

One by one since daylight this morning the yachts have been slipping out of the harbor, bound in all directions for various ports, among them being the Dauntless, Stranahan, Gitana and the Rebecca.

DISMISSING THE FLEET.

The many friends who visited the five mile-race yacht race from Narragansett Pier with a large party of guests on board the steam yacht Corsair of Commodore Douglas at two o'clock was afforded by all the superior, heading away other vessels and at half-past three the fleet was formally dismissed by the flagship, and for New York at half-past two, and at four o'clock the Priscilla and Allerton were alongside Fort Adams and headed for New York.

The Polynia sailed for the westward at five o'clock and when she left the harbor it was here, unquestionably the finest fleet of yachts in existence for 1885 was at an end. The cruise of the year, which in many of its features was unique, as none of former years, it has been of unusual interest not only to the members of the club, but to the public, and more charming weather for yacht sailing than was experienced could not be imagined.

It was Mr. A. Cass Canfield's cutter Iris that the judges timed at the finish line off the end of Fort Adams. The Gitana carried away her foremast worse than the Iris, but the time allowance in the present 5 was not in the finish that was taken. The Iris sailed a remarkably fine race, and her owner has been performing very creditably this season and the handling of her crew.

THE YACHTSMEN'S DINNER.

The yachtsmen's dinner yesterday's menu nothing unusual was served, and the dinner was not as successful as to swinging Brenton's Reef for the run in a heavy sea, which made many of the guests proper boon on the rest. This went low about one-half and a half-hour after the start, and the wind, fresh and the moisture was not discouraged, and the appetites were not affected by it. Many left up made a move, of course, which delayed the lunch somewhat, but there was no lack of good cheer that will probably be made to Ike Pierrelle, have not been described.

It is proposed by some of the committee to redress the limit of sections 1 and 2 to 30 feet, which with possibly some local sail. She is lacking for weather time, and will undoubtedly improve with her present ample should lead to obviate such a fault. She is a fine sea boat, and it is the opinion of the master that "length gives speed" to the yachts that have value to the club. The beauty of yacht designing the Priscilla should certainly lead to the adoption of some such rule when her rig and ballast are adjusted, so that the inspiring force of the sea in light winds will produce the best possible sweeping effect. Her model now is not known, but it is understood there are many improvements that can be added to her general design. Success to the time it would be the total events there will be no guesswork about her alterations.

As compared with the Puritan the Priscilla has been called with a small spread of canvas, and in heavy since sailing, can be made to carry more. Her lines are very fine, and she can drink, and of course less stability. The Priscilla is a handsome boat, and has been very much admired by the friends as she is now out from the Herreshoff's shop, and it is to be hoped that she will not come elsewhere to the Puritan are concerned.

To the chapter of accidents of the cruise must be added the fact that the Priscilla never has had her new mast and must be her sailing now with her topmast lowered. The mast was sent to her from the men's future ballasts on Tuesday's race was waiting to be the last lead of all on board, and she is to be the gulf and attach to the keel, and also to the bat materials.

NEW HAVEN YACHT CLUB.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 8, 1885.—The New Haven Yacht Club will rendezvous at Stony Creek to-morrow and Monday and will have a regatta over its existing on their annual cruise Monday morning to the Thimble Islands and will be back in port in New London, Monday night. Tuesday they will sail to Greenport, L. I., and Wednesday they will sail to Port Jefferson, where they will remain until Thursday when will be taken upon the return trip to New Haven, which will be reached on Saturday afternoon. The following yachts will attend on the cruise: Commodore Bourneman, Magnolia and Marion, Alexander Brothers, Sachem; Commodore Hall, and Carlton; Lieutenant Hall, Helen, Schiller and Fanny; Lieutenant Hall, Helen, Schiller and Fanny; Lieutenant Hall, Helen, Schiller and Fanny

PHILADELPHIA TOPICS.

Sights at a Naval Asylum by Unofficial Eyes.

SAD EXPERIENCES OF SAILOR VETERANS.

How the Beneficiaries of the Nation Are Not Benefited.

GOSSIP OF THE THEATRES--A DANISH CUSTOM.

HERALD BUREAU, No. 112 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1885.

It is an accepted principle of law that a discussion of motive prior to the disproval of a charge is a confession of weakness. One of the experiences of every newspaper correspondent who unmasks shams is to have some surprising motive ascribed to him for an act of disinterested philanthropy. What are the facts regarding the Naval Asylum? They are these:—At the suggestion of an ex-naval officer your correspondent visited the asylum about three weeks ago. What was seen so interested him that he twice repeated the visit. He went unannounced, knew nobody within the grounds and carefully avoided disclosing his identity. He did not call at the governor's house or present his card or request to be shown over the institution. He went alone, saw for himself, asked few questions, but kept his eyes and ears wide open. Then he wrote something that was intended merely to be a kindly tempered suggestion. To his amazement he was charged with a base motive in bringing the subject to public notice. It was asserted that the scheme was one to take the asylum to New York and that it was mere sensationalism. A general denial was set up as sweeping as was Phipps' when the old pauper woman's clothing and provisions were found in his own boarding house.

Now that the asylum people have had their say for a fortnight in the local prints, a few words further on the subject may not be out of place. To your correspondent the scenes he witnessed were only sad. Had the spirit of sensationalism actuated him a story might have been written that would have called forth tears from the most hardened worldling. What could anybody think who penetrates into the attic of the Naval Asylum, with its splendid exterior and its magnificent officers' quarters, to find, as I did, old men living in dark rooms, directly under a roof on which beats a July sun, the rooms so low that one can hardly stand upright, the rooms without communication with exterior light or air; the poor old "salts" without the ordinary comforts of life, while a nest of young parasites dwelt in the spacious quarters below and played tennis on the sailors' lawn?

HOW THE SAILOR IS LOVED.

Then, too, in the chapel service the governor was heard to say:—"We shall oppose the granting of any pensions to the inmates of this institution. The 'beneficiaries' will have too much money and there will be too much demoralization. I am going to Washington and shall do all I can against such a measure." These words, brought to Admiral Porter's attention, called forth a letter which rang like the pure metal that is in the man. An extract from it was printed in these letters two weeks ago. It gave out no uncertain sound. Rear Admiral Rue was suddenly called to Washington on Wednesday, and it is probable that he will have changed his views on this subject, at least, before he returns. Is this assumption of the veteran sailor's cause premature or untimely? The soldier veteran has had a deservedly strong pull on the sympathy of this nation. But the sailor veteran—where has he come in? Not at all. He has been overlooked! The merchant sailor is the ward of the Chancery Court. He has, at least, one protector. He is not absolutely forsaken, though one by one he joins his companions in the depths of the multitudinous seas. But the man-o'-war's man is nobody's ward except the nation's. She turns him over to the tender mercy of superannuated old men like himself and of young dudes who have never advanced beyond "splicing the main brace." The nation takes "the sailor's prize money," as Admiral Porter says, earned by his bloody sweat, and maintains domiciles for martinets who dragoon the men they fasten upon. She gives the sailor $1 a month, but refuses him a pension. She thus prevents him from visiting his home or his family. "My family live in a Western State," said one of these old men to the writer, "and I dare not mention the State's name, because the poor fellow would get put 'on the gate'" (i. e., made a prisoner) for several months. "I have not seen them for four years, but how long, think you, shall I have to wait before I can save money enough at $1 a month to go to them?"

A COMMISSION WANTED.

That is a sample case. There are many such. Names, dates and witnesses can be supplied to Secretary Whitney if he desires to know the facts. His commissioner must be a practical, business man's commission. It must contain men of the world—men like George W. Childs, John Wanamaker or William F. Harrity. Men of the people and not feeders at the public crib—those are the men to decide whether the sailor has his rights in that institution or not. We shall see whether such men approve of the opening of sailors' letters and the retaining of the envelopes? Postmaster Huidekoper was consulted on this subject a few days ago, and he laid the law down very clearly on the subject. The legal responsibility for such an act is undergoing the scrutiny of the department. What will Admiral Porter think when he is told that the only defence possible is that which reduces his old sailors to the level of convicts in the prisons? Will the guilty persons, whoever they are, plead that statute? Very well, let us make a few inquiries. Not having visited the institution officially it is desirable to know whether the latest inspectors have been informed that the best half of the house is occupied by officers and their families and servants for quarters and kitchens. Are the "official" visitors told that one domestic occupies what was originally several rooms now enlarged by the removal of partitions? I guess not. Is it given out that this lady has several domestics to wait upon her? Not much. Are they informed who really are the "beneficiaries?" Hardly. Nothing that franknes would suggest is mentioned by the very people who claim to be the only "official" source of information. They do not disclose the fact that the outrageous indignity of searching old sailors at the gate of their home is practised. The smell of liquor on an old tar's breath means humiliation and punishment, though the very Governor remembers when, as master or midshipman, he used to serve out the grog ration at the foot of the mast and to look leniently on a deserving man who "worked the growler" a second time. It is as natural for a sailor to take a glass of grog as it is to hitch his trousers. Punishment for slight inebriety is in decided contrast to the fact that officers generally set a bottle of liquor before the unsuspicious and unsophisticated local reporter, as I am told.

AS A SUMMER RETREAT.

Then, as to the naval discipline in a home for old men. What an absurdity that is. On board ship the master-at-arms is the chief of police. He is chosen because of his experience with sailors and on the sea. But Master-at-Arms Hunter has never served on a vessel of war. His friends boast that he never was on board any vessel except the one that brought him from Queenstown. He is said to have gone to this institution as a day laborer, and I would like to have anybody tell me how work of that kind qualifies a man to manage or fix the etiquette of sailors of the salty main. Candor compels me to say that the officers, and not the sailors, are the "beneficiaries." Why, there is a doctor in West Philadelphia who owns his house, but let it last year to go down and live, with his family, rent free on the sailors at this model institution. I know the man. He has boasted of the "soft place" he has had. One of the aphorisms of the Naval Asylum is.—"You ought to be grateful for what we are doing for you." The old men bow humbly and generally accept its truth, ignorant of their rights.

The serious conclusions are that this asylum is too large and expensive an establishment, as now managed, for the number of men actually deserving of its benefits. Far too much of the expense of maintaining the place is chargeable to the overweighted official management. The steward appears to be a practical man. He gave up a good position in the Post Office to take his present place, the salary of which, I learn, is $40 per month. He has some very practical ideas. He came to see me and seems to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He tells me he gives tenderloin steaks to the sailors and that they are unhappy because they can't get rump. We agree about "hash." He don't think well of it, even under the name of "scouse." If the tea or coffee be bad, he lays the fault entirely upon the contractors. It would be premature to print their answers to this explanation in mitigation, though they have been obtained in several instances. Another conclusion is that the incumbents of the subordinate official positions have been at this asylum too long. They believe they own the ranch, and they manage it much in the same manner as the old lady kept hotel in Arkansas. Goodby, old shipmates.

AUGUST GOSSIP.

The new Walnut Street Theatre is a thing of beauty. It emerged from the carpenters', decorators' and painters' hands to-day warm with bright mellow color and new draperies. Manager Fleishman did not make any half way job about it. He tore out the auditorium completely, and it has been greatly improved in several ways.

The Chestnut Street Theatre has had new painting and gilding, but this house was completely overhauled just after the new management took possession, and was in excellent order. The Chestnut Street Opera House is as pretty and bright as ever.

Haverly's will be known hereafter as the McCaull Opera House.

The Court of the Abominations, otherwise the Desertion Court, which is held on Fridays, was as disgraceful a place yesterday as it has been for the past generation. An architect named Gerner was charged by his wife with kissing a Mrs. Bitters, the complainant's aunt. Gerner admitted the charge, but said it was a Danish custom to kiss and fondle one's wife's relations. An old Danish sea captain in the court as a spectator grew very indignant, denied the declaration of the witness and wanted to make it a personal matter of veracity. The Judge promptly restored order, told Gerner, formerly of Denmark, that he must not take his Bitters so regularly, and ordered him to pay for the support of the wife and gave him the custody of a youngish child pending proceedings in divorce instituted by him "for cruel and barbarous treatment" from his wife who told about his kissing propensities. The Judge thought it a very complicated family affair. Mrs. Bitters went out of the court proud of the kissing by her nephew-in-law, and with a light clutch on baby Gerner's arm.

AFFAIRS OF CHILE.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE via GALVESTON, August 8, 1885.—It is reported that Señor Lafayette Rodriguez Pereira will commence the settlement early next week of the claims made during the late war. Over one hundred claims are awaiting settlement.

Señor Arturo Besa has been appointed an attaché to the Chilean Legation at Berlin.

The distinguished writer, Señor Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, has published a book entitled "Album of the Glories of Chile." The book contains a very interesting account of the late war between Chile and Peru.

AFFAIRS OF PERU.

LIMA, via GALVESTON, August 8, 1885.—The Campeon has received a severe reprimand from the Minister of War for having published the details of the expedition sent north.

Great misery prevails in Cerro de Pasco owing to the extortions of the Caceres authorities.

A grand banquet and ball will be given by the Chinese Minister on the 10th inst., the date of the coming of age of the Emperor of China. The enormous sum of $35,000 has been expended in preparations for the festivities.

The apparatus for the lighting of Lima by electricity has arrived. The motive power will probably be the waters of the Rimac.

HONORS TO GENERAL MIDDLETON.

OTTAWA, Ont., August 8, 1885.—General Middleton and staff arrived at the Union depot here at half past five P. M. The Mayor and the Aldermen and a large number of citizens received the party, and the General was presented with an address.

MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 9—1 A. M.—For New England, generally fair weather, variable winds, stationary temperature.

For the Middle Atlantic States, fair weather in the northern part, local rains, followed by fair weather in the southern part, easterly winds, shifting to southerly, stationary temperature.

For the vicinity of New York city and Philadelphia, fair weather, stationary temperature.

For the South Atlantic States, local rains, followed by fair weather, stationary temperature, variable winds.

For Monday, generally fair weather is indicated for New England and the Middle Atlantic States, with nearly stationary temperature.

For the East Gulf States, generally fair weather, stationary temperature, variable winds.

For the West Gulf States, fair weather, southerly winds, a slight rise in temperature.

For the Ohio Valley and Tennessee, generally fair weather except in Tennessee, local rains, a slight rise in temperature, variable winds.

For the lower lake region, local rains, followed by fair weather, variable winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For the upper lake region, local rains, followed by fair weather, nearly stationary temperature, variable winds.

For the Upper Mississippi Valley, generally fair weather, variable winds, a slight fall, followed by a slight rise, in temperature.

For the Missouri Valley, fair weather, variable winds, higher temperature.

For Colorado, local rains, higher temperature.

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy (HERALD Building), No. 218 Broadway:—

	1884.	1885.		1884.	1885.
3 A. M.	66	67	3:30 P. M.	85	81
6 A. M.	65	67	6 P. M.	80	79
9 A. M.	72	73	9 P. M.	71	71
12 M.	78	78	12 P. M.	72	66

Average temperature yesterday 71¾
Average temperature for corresponding date last year 73¼

	1884.	1885.
Average for the week	73	75

RUN DOWN BY A STEAMBOAT.

A ROWBOAT UPSET OFF THE IRON PIER—ONE MAN DROWNED.

A man named Frank Gray and a companion drove up to the Chambers Street Hospital at a late hour last night in charge of Joseph Hartford, who was unconscious and wrapped in a blanket. Gray said that he and Hartford, with two other men, were in a rowboat off the Iron Pier, and while making for land their craft was run down by the steamboat Cygnus, of the Iron Steamboat Company. He stated that one of the party in the little boat was drowned and that Hartford was rescued with difficulty. The hospital surgeon forgot to ask Gray the name of the drowned man, and ascertained no particulars relative to the accident. At one o'clock this morning Hartford was still in a stupor, and the surgeon wrote out a diagnosis of "immersion." All of the persons in the rowboat came from New Jersey.

Early this morning it was ascertained that the name of the man drowned was Henry Rush.

STRUCK BY AN ENGINE.

James Flatterty, who has been in the employ of Mr. John Hoey, at Hollywood Park, Long Branch, N. J., for the past few years, was yesterday struck by the engine "Jay Gould" while attempting to cross the track at the West End junction of the New Jersey Southern Railroad. After being dragged about fifty feet by the cars he was picked up in an unconscious condition and taken to Newark Hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate his right arm, which was horribly mashed, to save his life. This makes the third man within a week that has been struck by an engine on the New York and Long Branch Railroad. On Wednesday an unknown man was killed at Matawan station, and on Thursday another at Deal Beach. It is said by its patrons that a little more precaution is necessary by the engineers on this line.

MOURNING IN THE SYNAGOGUES.

HEBREW PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD—GRANT AND MONTEFIORE.

In every synagogue and assemblage of Hebrew worshippers special prayers were offered for both General Grant and Sir Moses Montefiore. As the body of the great American had not yet been consigned to earth the "Kaddish," an address of sanctification and glorification of the Almighty, and which is only repeated after burial, could not be repeated for General Grant at the morning services. The Hebrew prayer "Hashcabah," the funeral prayer for the repose of the souls of both great men, was given in every Hebrew shrine, the congregations standing and facing the east. The Mourners' "Kaddish" will be given at the early morning services for thirty days in all synagogues. In the absence of most of the leading rabbis memorial addresses were omitted from the services. After their return in the fall special memorial services are to be held.

Dr. Kohut, after his sermon from Ethics of the Future, i., 16, yesterday in the Temple Ahawath Chesed said:—To-day we commit to mother earth all that is mortal of General Grant; yet his spirit, as the guardian angel of freedom, will float forever over the United States. To-day, while still mourning the loss of another great man—of Sir Moses Montefiore—who was a luminary sun of humanity in our modern times; to-day, when we are paying tribute to the virtues of the dead, we should not do injustice by forgetting the living. I am impelled to pay off the debt of the entire community of intellectual Judaism toward a man of science—indeed a father of Hebraic science—Dr. Leopold Zunz, who, on Monday next, the 10th of August, will be ninety-one years old. He is called in Hebraic Jom Tob, and a Jom Tob (Feier-tag, fête day) this day should be for Israel, on which ninety-one years ago he first saw the light of the world at Detmold. On that day was born a life that afterward bore such rare fruits which so wonderfully enrich with its fulness of knowledge the soil of Hebraic science that had so long lain barren and untilled, and which became a vivifying power in the life of Judaism in this country. It to-day Judaism with its scientific attainments takes such a pre-eminent place in the republic of scholarship, for this we have to thank the grand master Zunz, whose immortal works will remain the glory of Jewish literature and the pearls of true science. In the loss of a Montefiore we can comfort ourselves in the possession of a Zunz. If the former was a prince of humanitarianism the latter is a prince of science. If the former was the heart of Judaism the latter is its head. From the former flowed the warming stream of the love of humanity; from the latter came the fulness of enlightenment and instruction. May this light long shine for the good of Israel and humanity.

THE POLICE AND THEIR WORK.

DRIVING BACK THE CROWD WITH THEIR CLUBS—THE ARRESTS.

There were many complaints about the rough conduct of the police in clearing the streets before the funeral pageant began to pass. In the neighborhood of Thirty-sixth street and Fifth avenue this was especially so, where a few members of "the finest" distinguished themselves. Midway between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, on the left hand side, the crowd was four or five deep beyond the curb line. When the head of the procession reached Thirty-fifth street the police got orders to drive back the crowd. Their method was to grasp the ends of their clubs and ram them against the breasts of the front rank, pushing with all their strength. The crowd near Thirty-seventh street fell back as far as they could, until one young man with eyeglasses was beyond the curb. A stalwart member of the police saw him, and, grasping his club firmly, was going to ram it into his breast, when he said, "Officer, please don't assault me. I'll do as you want me, but I can't drive the crowd back." This had no effect on the policeman, who grabbed him by the collar and ran him through the crowd. As soon as the man could turn around he put his hand in his vest pocket and handed the policeman his card. The policeman's face flushed and he said in a very respectful way, "Why didn't you say who you were?" and he pushed him back to the front row again. The young man pulled out a note book and was taking the officer's number when that worthy spied him. He caught him by the lapel of the coat and lifting him on the sidewalk again ran him through the crowd. The policeman will probably hear something to his disadvantage at the next meeting of the Police Board.

A brother policeman on the corner has already felt something to his disadvantage. At the corner was a man of very fine physique standing with his wife. When the order came to clear the crowd the police charged and drove it back. This man and his wife just barely kept their balance on the edge of the sidewalk, but not enough to suit the policeman. He took his club in both hands and in driving back the crowd struck the man's wife in the breast with it. Her husband had just room enough to swing his arm—and he did. The policeman first felt something under his jaw and then the hard pavement of Fifth avenue. The crowd swelled out in a minute and cheers were given for the hard hitter, who moved away in the throng.

TWO BOOZY JACK TARS.

Just before the final salutes were fired two sailors, one from the Swatara and the other from the Tennessee, who had succeeded in paying a visit to a neighboring beer saloon, endeavored to return to their ranks. While trying to make their way through the crowd on the east side of Riverside Drive, opposite the Tomb, a policeman ordered them to go back. They paid no heed to the order, and the policeman tried to force the foremost sailor back, but the blue jacket resisted. In about three-quarters of a minute the two sailors were on their backs in the dirt surrounded by a circle of half a dozen policemen who overpowered them. The police made a complaint against them to their commanding officers, and they were taken on board their respective vessels under arrest.

A shabbily dressed but partially intoxicated citizen who championed the sailors' cause was promptly tumbled down an adjacent embankment. The police atoned for their hasty action toward him by driving him up the other side of the declivity with their clubs.

Robert E. Hoole, who lives at New Brighton, S. I., insisted upon standing on a temporary bridge which is erected on the sidewalk in front of one of the buildings on Fifth avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets. After giving him warning to move on Policeman Braslon, of the Thirtieth street station, arrested him.

Jacob Smith assaulted a policeman and was arrested by an officer of the Thirtieth street station.

Only four persons were arrested by the Thirtieth street police on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Patrick Hogan insulted several ladies on Fifth avenue, and Policeman Thomas Duffy arrested him and took him to the West Thirtieth street police station.

CAPTURING THE THIEVES.

Policeman Flood, of the West Thirtieth street police station, arrested Conrad Summerman, of No. 321 East Sixth street, on the complaint of Frederick Birch, of No. 2,444 Fourth avenue, who said that the prisoner had picked his pocket on the corner of Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue.

Daniel Sullivan, of No. 17 Hester street, was arrested by Policeman Maugan near the Worth monument for taking a silver watch out of the vest pocket of Charles P. Westerhood.

Detective sergeants of the Thirtieth street station arrested H. Muller, of Niles, N. Y., and Daniel Curtis as suspicious persons and detained them at the station in West 126th street. Joseph Lawrence, it was alleged, was captured in the act of attempting to steal a watch and was committed to await a hearing. Frank Lewis was accused by a citizen of an attempt to pick his pocket, and when the prisoner was taken to the station house the accuser was not positive as to his identity and the desk sergeant discharged the prisoner. All the above named prisoners were found in the crowd at Riverside Park.

Thomas Sanchot, a Cuban, unable to speak English, was detected by Officer Sullivan, of the Tenth precinct, picking pockets in the Central Park on Friday night. He was held to answer in the General Sessions Court yesterday.

Louis Storm, of No. 304 West Thirty-first street, William Hawkins, who lives at No. 328 West Twenty-ninth street, and Patrick Logan were brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday by Detectives Casey and Price, of the West Thirtieth street station. The detectives said that all three were ex-convicts and that they were prowling about Sixth avenue on Friday night. Thomas Price, who says he lives in East 129th street, was arraigned by Detective Sergeant McNaught, who informed Justice Murray that the prisoner is a professional pickpocket, and has been one for the past twenty years. The arrest was made at Harlem Bridge on Friday night. The Magistrate committed the four men for examination to-morrow, fixing bail at $1,000 in each case.

WHAT WAS FOUND.

Captain Alexander Williams, of the Thirtieth street police station, found a pocketbook containing a certain sum of money. The pocketbook and its contents await the owner at the police station.

James Ryan, of No. 27 East Eighty-fifth street, brought a gray horse to the West Thirtieth street station house. There was a Mexican saddle on the horse's back, but there was no mark to show to whom the animal belonged.

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S FUNERAL.

Miss Dorcas Hyatt, aunt of Mr. William O. Howe, the venerable Justice of Sessions of Westchester County, was buried yesterday in the Eastchester churchyard. She was eighty-eight years old, and resided all her life in the old Hyatt homestead, near the Bronx River, just above Woodlawn. The house was built 189 years ago and is one of the landmarks of Westchester County. It never was out of possession of the Hyatt family.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Philip Sheridan, aged twenty-one years, son of County Collector Sheridan, of Elizabeth, N. J., disappeared from his home last Tuesday, and his dead body was found by a hostler in his father's barn on Friday night. He had been shot through the heart, and it is believed that he committed suicide.

A CONEY ISLAND ASSAULT STORY.

Minnie Dikeppa, who lives in New Jersey, complained last night at the Coney Island Police Headquarters that she had been assaulted by a young man with whom she had come to the island. She and her sister were in the company of the young man and another young man when the assault occurred. Minnie fainted, and when she revived her sister, whom she had seen struggling with a man, had disappeared. The girl was very hysterical when she told her story. The police are searching the island for the missing girl and the two men.

SHIPPING NEWS

OCEAN STEAMERS.

DATES OF DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK.

Steamer.	Sails.	Destination.	Office.
Alecansia	Aug 11	Liverpool	29 Broadway
England	Aug 12	Liverpool	2 Battery place
Fulda	Aug 12	Bremen	2 Bowling Green
Normandie	Aug 12	Havre	6 Bowling Green
Germanic	Aug 13	Liverpool	37 Broadway
State of Indiana	Aug 13	Glasgow	53 Broadway
Hammonia	Aug 13	Hamburg	61 Broadway
Gallia	Aug 15	Liverpool	4 Bowling Green
Baltic	Aug 15	Liverpool	1 Broadway
Grecian Monarch	Aug 15	London	35 Broadway
Circassia	Aug 15	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Schiedam	Aug 15	Amsterdam	18 Broadway
Geiser	Aug 15	Copenhagen	24 State street
Rhein	Aug 15	Bremen	2 Bowling Green
Waesland	Aug 15	Antwerp	55 Broadway
Wyoming	Aug 18	Liverpool	29 Broadway
Ems	Aug 19	Bremen	2 Bowling Green
St Laurent	Aug 19	Havre	6 Bowling Green
Celtic	Aug 20	Liverpool	37 Broadway
Suevia	Aug 20	Hamburg	61 Broadway
Servia	Aug 22	Liverpool	4 Bowling Green
City of Chester	Aug 22	Liverpool	1 Broadway
Ethiopia	Aug 22	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Neckar	Aug 22	Bremen	2 Bowling Green
Moravia	Aug 22	Hamburg	61 Broadway
P Caland	Aug 22	Rotterdam	18 Broadway
Egyptian Monarch	Aug 26	London	35 Broadway
City of Rome	Aug 26	Liverpool	7 Bowling Green
Helvetia	Aug 26	Liverpool	2 Battery place
Elder	Aug 26	Bremen	2 Bowling Green
Amerique	Aug 26	Havre	6 Bowling Green
Britannic	Aug 27	Liverpool	37 Broadway
Etruria	Aug 29	Liverpool	4 Bowling Green
Furnessia	Aug 29	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Frisia	Aug 30	Hamburg	61 Broadway
Hekla	Aug 29	Copenhagen	24 State st
Nevada	Sept 1	Liverpool	29 Broadway
St. Germain	Sept 2	Havre	6 Bowling Green
Abyssinia	Sept 2	Liverpool	20 Broadway

ALMANAC FOR NEW YORK—THIS DAY.

SUN AND MOON.		HIGH WATER.	
Sun rises	5 02	Sandy Hook...morn	6 11
Sun sets	7 00	Gov Island...morn	6 51
Moon rises...morn	4 01	Hell Gate....morn	8 40

PORT OF NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, Aug 8, 1885.

ARRIVALS.

Steamer Germanic (Br), Kennedy, Liverpool July 30, via Queenstown 31st, with mdse and 109 cabin and 432 steerage passengers to R J Cortis. Arrived at the bar at 4 AM. Aug 6, lat 47 20, lon 51 17, met steamer Abyssinia (Br), hence for Liverpool, same date, lat 41 44, lon 63 43, exchanged night signals with a German Lloyd steamer, bound E; 7th, 240 miles E of Sandy Hook, met a North German Lloyd steamer, do; same date, 237 miles E of do, a state line steamer, do.

Steamer Martello (Br), Jenkins, Hull July 25, with mdse to Sanderson & Son. Arrived at the bar at 5 10 AM. July 31, lat 37 44, lon 20 40, spoke bark Laura Emily (of Maitland, NS), hence for Bristol; Aug 4, lat 40 02, lon 51 26, bark Alpheus Marshall (of Digby, NS) from Mobile for London; 3d, lat 40 02, lon 48 40, passed a wreck bottom up.

Steamer Schiedam (Dutch), Bakker, Amsterdam July 25, with mdse and 18 cabin and 98 steerage passengers to Funch, Edye & Co. Arrived at the bar at 4 30 AM. Aug 2, lat 48 12, lon 44 30, passed a large iceberg, had a dense fog for 11 hours on the eastern edge of the Banks. Aug 7, lat 40 40, lon 69 20, met a White Star steamer bound E.

Steamer El Callao (Br), Scholtz, Ciudad Bolivar 21 days, with mdse and 5 passengers to J Agustini.

Steamer Flamborough (Br), Fraser, Barbados July 27, Martinique 29th, Montserrat 31st and St Kitts Aug 1, with mdse and passengers to A E Outerbridge & Co. Arrived at the bar at 10 AM.

Steamer Wolhaven (Nor), Sowald, Baracoa 6 days, with fruit to Gomez & Pearsall.

Steamer Vidette, Fuller, Baracoa 6 days, with fruit to Merritt Fruit Co.

Steamer Lady Bertha (Br), Parsons, Baracoa 6 days, with fruit to R Dumois.

Steamer City of Augusta, Nickerson, Savannah Aug 6, with mdse and passengers to H Yonge, agent.

Ship Austria (of Windsor, NS), Dexter, Waterford 34 days, in ballast, to Snow & Burgess. July 17, lat 47 30, lon 30 40, passed a dismasted vessel abandoned and waterlogged, apparently a three masted schooner of American build, and a long time in that condition; 29th, lat 43 10, lon 52, passed a large iceberg.

Ship Vandalia (of St John, NB), Coonan, Antwerp 37 days, with barrels and iron to order; vessel to Scammell Bros.

Bark Annie J Marshall (of Digby, NS), Tooker, Plymouth 39 days, with china clay to order; vessel to J F Whitney & Co. July 23, lat 48 47, lon 45 30, saw five icebergs. July 11, at 11 30 AM, lat 50 48, lon 21, by D R, spoke steamer Venetian (of Liverpool) which refused to exchange longitudes, a very strange and unaccountable thing, as the weather was fine and we so near that we could easily read the ship's name, also quite important to us as our chronometer was much out. (The V has arrived at Liverpool from Boston.)

Bark Carrie Delap (of Annapolis, NS), Lewis, Pillau June 18, with barrels and rags to order, vessel to Jas W Elwell & Co.

Bark Vale (Nor), Christensen, Valencia 35 days, in ballast to Carsten Boe.

Bark Navigatore (Ital), Mastellont, Genoa 63 days, in ballast to Funch, Edye & Co.

Bark Irene (Aus), Pasquan, Alexandria, E, 78 days, with rags to order.

Bark Julia A Brown, Bickinson, Baltimore 8 days, with coal to master.

Brig H P Geery, Conklin, Charleston 7 days, with lumber to order; vessel to Evans Ball & Co.

Schr Wilson & Hunting, Anderson, Brunswick, Ga, 8 days, with lumber to W A Clarke; vessel to W D Smith.

Schr C C Lane, Marburgh, Norfolk.

Schr Nathaniel Lank, Sipple, Norfolk, Va.

Schr Albert H Cross, Pendleton, Norfolk, Va, for Providence.

Schr Crescent, Mahaffey, Norfolk, Va, for New Haven.

Schr Eliza Moore, Falkenburg, Newport News, Va.

Schr George B Vreeland, Van Cleaf, Georgetown, DC.

Schr A C Buckley, Craumer, Alexandria, Va.

Schr A V Bergen, Chambers, Alexandria, Va.

Schr Ellen Holgate, Predmore, Virginia.

Schr Banvard, Leek, Virginia.

Schr Saul & Thompson, Bennett, Virginia.

Schr Eliza A Hooper, Bono, Virginia.

Schr Ovetta, Hervey, Baltimore.

Schr Harriet Thomas, Eggett, Baltimore.

Schr Willie L Newton, Coombs, Baltimore.

Schr Kate B Ogden, Hazelton, Baltimore.

Schr Elwood Harlow, King, Baltimore.

Schr Oakes Ames, Sheridan, Baltimore.

Schr Nelson & Newbury, King, Baltimore.

Schr Electa Bailey, Philbrook, Baltimore for Bangor.

Schr Robert Morgan, Crossley, Baltimore for New Haven.

Schr Sarah D Pell, Loveland, Baltimore for Bridgeport.

PASSED THROUGH HELL GATE.

BOUND SOUTH.

Steamer Fern (US Lighthouse Department), from Newport for New York.

Steamer Rosyln, New London for New York.

Bark Morro Castle, Eldridge, Boston for Port Elizabeth via New York, in tow.

Schr Saarbruck, Clark, Alma, NB, for New York, 10 days, with lath to Chase Talbot & Co (in Hart Island Roads).

Schr Glenera (Br), Gilchrist, St John, NB, for New York 8 days, with lumber to Scammell Bros (in Hart Island roads).

Schr Raven, Pendleton, Bangor for New York, with lumber to H E Rawson.

Schr Cathie C Berry, Smith, Bangor for New York, with ice to order.

Schr H Curtis, Haskell, Deer Island for New York.

Schr Olive Elizabeth, Coffin, Gardiner for New York, with lumber to Boardman & Small (in Hart Island roads).

Schr Richtaway, Francis, Long Cove, Me, for New York.

Schr Bulow, Wood, Rockland via New Bedford for New York, with lime to Brown & Keen (in Hart Island Roads).

Schr Skylark, Evarts, South Gardiner for Richmond, with ice.

Schr Telegraph, Gilchrist, Thomaston for New York, with lime to Haviland & Pressey.

Schr Judge Lowe, Crossman, Whiting, Me, for New York (in Hart Island roads).

Schr J Paine, Rich, Boston for New York.

Schr Fawn, Robbins, Boston for New York.

Schr E I Oakley, Newman, Boston for New York.

Schr Edward Slade, Boston for New York.

Schr E G Irwin, Dodge, Boston for New York.

Schr E H Thurber, Boston for New York.

Schr William F Collins, Brown, New Bedford for New York.

Schr Empire State, Reynolds, Nantucket for New York.

Schr Almon Bacon, Mechan, Providence for New York.

Schr Mary L Fisher, Gest, Providence for Haverstraw.

Schr Cujat Jayne, Newport for New York.

Schr P H Miller, Smith, New London for New York.

Schr A J Bentley, Arnold, Hartford for New York.

Schr Franklin Avery, Rogers, New Haven for New York.

Schr Margaret A May, Jarvis, New Haven for Philadelphia.

Schr Mattie Newman, Loveland, Bridgeport for New York.

Schr Mary Brockway, Pratt, Connecticut River for New York.

Schr Geo Stancliffe, Hubbard, Portland, Ct, for New York.

Schr Joseph Rogers, Spencer, Portland, Ct, for New York.

Schr Anna Brown, Bunce, Northport for New York.

Schr Ella, Jarvis, Huntington for New York.

Schr Housatonic, Burke, Port Jefferson for New York.

Schr Alert, Hulse, Port Jefferson for New York.

Schr Nelson, Smith, Port Jefferson for New York.

Schr Mary Ann Kirby, Lynch, Roslyn for New York.

Schr Anna Brown, Kiernan, Roslyn for New York.

Schr Allston, with lumber, coming to outside of Execution dock.

BOUND EAST.

Steamer Cleopatra, Bennett, New York for Portland.

Steamer H F Dimock, Hallett, New York for Boston.

Steamer Wilkesbarre, Cates, Port Johnson for Boston.

Schr Christina Moore (Br), Sanford, New York for Basse Terre and St Kitts.

Schr Holmes (Br), Branscom, New York for St John, NB.

Schr Artist, Chase, New York for Fall River.

Schr Wilson & Williard, Jones, New York for New Bedford.

Schr Wm Hemont, Stanton, New York for Fair Haven.

Schr G A Hayden, Greene, New York for Portland, Ct.

Schr Sarah Babcock, Dutty, New York for Greenwich.

Schr Marion Hill, Armstrong, Hoboken for Bangor.

Schr Nudor, Perry, Hoboken for Boston.

Schr C H Eaton, Sinclair, Hoboken for Boston.

Schr Grace Cushing, Drinkwater, Elizabethport for Yarmouth.

Schr William Jones, Saunders, Port Johnson for Boston.

Schr Palestine, Chatfield, Port Johnson for Lynn.

Schr James Barrett, Tribble, Amboy for Augusta, Me.

Schr Cora Etta, Fales, Amboy for Augusta.

Schr J W Vannaman, Phinney, Amboy for Boston.

Schr Lady Antrim, Parker, Amboy for Wareham.

Schr Phil Sheridan, Lindsley, Amboy for Branford.

Schr Sarah L Merritt, Springstead, Amboy for Southport.

Schr Carrie & Willie Wood, Philadelphia for Saco.

Schr E Frank Neally, Handy, Philadelphia for Dover.

Schr Sea Bird, Rich, Philadelphia for Boston.

Schr J V Wellington, Rich, Philadelphia for Boston.

Schr Ellen M Baxter, Hayes, Philadelphia for Lynn.

Schr A R Bentley, Baker, Philadelphia for New Bedford.

Schr Charles E Raymond, Kelly, Philadelphia for Providence.

Schr A H Cross, Pendleton, Norfolk for Boston.

Schr C C Lane, Merryhue, Norfolk, Va, for New Haven.

Schr Robert Morgan, Sealey, Norfolk, Va, for New Haven.

Schr Ovetta, Hervey, Virginia for New Haven.

Wind off Whitestone, LI, at midnight, SE, light.

CLEARED.

Steamer Briscoe (Br), Scott, Naples—Simpson, Spence & Young.

Schr Gussie Bishop, Ackerly, Aspinwall and Porto Bello—A A Conklin.

Schr Joseph Farwell, Davis, Savanilla and Ocoa—Denison & Co.

SAILED.

Steamers W A Scholten, for Rotterdam; Belgenland, Antwerp; Ethiopia (Ger) and California (Ger), Hamburg; Donau (Ger), Bremen; Newminster (Br), Leghorn; Kattu (Ger), Stettin, &c; Servia (Br) and City of Berlin (Br), Liverpool; Canada (Br) and Rosse (Dutch), London; Chicago (Br), Hull; Anchoria (Br), Glasgow; Warwick (Br), Avonmouth Dock; Auden (Sp), St Johns, PR, &c; Newport, Havana; Colorado, Galveston via Key West; Tallahassee, Savannah; City of Palatka, do; Benefactor, Wilmington, NC; Guyandotte, Newport News, &c; Old Dominion, Norfolk, &c; John Gibson, Georgetown, DC; barks Carl (Russ), Hansted (Nor), Anjier or Batavia for orders; Padosa (Aus), Alexandria, E; Florence L Gaue var, Demerara; brig Fairfield, Port au Prince.

Wind at Sandy Hook, sunset, SE, moderate; clear.

MARITIME MISCELLANY.

Capt Bakker, of the steamer Schiedam; Capt de Jousselin, of the steamer St Laurent; Capt Boujer, of the steamer P Caland, and Capt Gleadel, of the steamer Celtic, will please accept our thanks for meteorological observations taken in connection with the HERALD Weather Service.

BRIG MAGENTA, Evans, hence for Key West, whilst going to sea 8th at noon went ashore on the Southwest Spit, pounding heavily; was gotten off at 3 PM by steamtug B T Haviland without apparent damage and anchored in the Horseshoe. The brig had no pilot on board.

BALTIMORE, Aug 8—Steamer Janita, hence for Boston, is reported ashore on Smith's Point, in Chesapeake Bay.

SYDNEY, NSW, June 15—The fire on board the iron bark Islander (Br) from New York, at this port was discovered during the night of June 11, when it was found that the sail cabin, at the after part of the main deck, was on fire, and that the flames were communicating with the saloon. With assistance from the fire brigade the fire was got under. The fire caused damage to a quantity of sails, canvas, &c, together with the wood lining of the ship. The stores and a portion of the cargo were slightly damaged by water.

WASHINGTON, DC, Aug 8—The United States Signal Service station at Little Egg Harbor, NJ, reports that the dismasted schr Magellan, laden with wood, from Virginia to New York ran ashore yesterday evening on Middle Ground, in that harbor. She is leaking badly and the prospects of saving her are poor. The crew (of 6 men) are ashore. No assistance yet.

WHALEMEN.

NEW BEDFORD, Aug 8—Arrived, bark Desdemona Davis, Anneban (Africa), with 750 bbls oil on board, sent home on the voyage 1,000 bbls. Spoke, June 21, lat 41 45, lon 48 45 W, bark Stafford, Vieira, nothing since leaving Barbados; July 30, lat 32 37, lon 53 W, schr Alcyone, Ewell, 20 bbls since leaving last port. Geo W Pearl, steward of the Desdemona, was lost overboard Feb 19.

SPOKEN.

Ship Wm G Davis, Moran, from Cardiff for San Francisco, June 25, lat 42 S, lon 30 W.

Bark J H Masters (Br), Crossley, from New York for Santander, Aug 3, lat 39 34, lon "34 50."

Bark Harvest Home (Br), from Liverpool for Victoria, Vi, July 11, lat 11 N, lon 27 W.

Bark Jas G Bain (Br), from London for Philadelphia, Aug 6, lat 40 49, lon 63.

Bark Nancy Holt (Br), from Barbados for London, July 26, lat 47, lon 16.

Bark Maria (Ital), from Pensacola for Buenos Ayres, July 1, lat 16 S, lon 34 W.

Schr Luis G Rabel, Loring, from Newport News for Para, no date, lat 23, lon 56.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS AND CAPTAINS

Merchants, shipping agents and shipmasters are informed that, by telegraphing to the HERALD London Bureau, addressing "BENNETT, LONDON," or to the Paris office, addressing "BENNETT, PARIS," the arrival at and departure from European and Eastern ports of American and all foreign vessels trading with the United States, the same will be cabled to this country free of charge.

Captains arriving at or sailing from French and Mediterranean ports will find the Paris office the most economical and expeditious for telegraphing news.

OUR CABLE REPORTS.

BAHIA BLANCA, to Aug 8—Arrived, bark Wayfarer (Br), Simpson, Newport, E.

CARDIFF, Aug 8—Arrived, ship B F Cheney, Hughes, Genoa.

CHRISTIANIA, to Aug 3—Arrived, barks Frithjof (Nor), Lydersen, New York; Kraon (Nor), Jausen, do.

COPENHAGEN, Aug 4—Arrived, steamer Island (Dan), Skjødt, New York.

DUNGENESS, Aug 7—Passed, barks Dos (Nor), Hansen, New York for Hull; New Brunswick (Nor), Hansen, Quebec for Newcastle.

DOVER, Aug 7—Passed, ship Nicolaiïe (Dutch), Jorgensen, Quebec for Nieuwe Dieppe, bark Florida (Nor), Falchenburg, New York for Antwerp.

EXMOUTH, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Caroline Palanga (Ital), Scotto, New York.

FALMOUTH, Aug 8—Arrived, ship Seine (Fr), Molzan, San Francisco.

FIGUEIRA, July 30—Sailed, Camellia, for St Johns, NF.

GLASGOW, Aug 7—Sailed, steamer Buenos Ayrean (Br), Scott, Montreal.

HAMBURG, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Bohemia (Ger), Karlowa, New York.

HAVRE, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Betty (Ger), Welmuth, Philadelphia.

Sailed 8th, 8 AM, steamer Amerique (Fr), Santelli, New York.

HONFLEUR, Aug 5—Sailed, Pederaneuse, for West Bay.

ISLE OF WIGHT, Aug 8—Passed, steamer Boston City (Br), Sherburne, Boston for London.

KONIGSBERG, Aug 3—Arrived, barks Oscar II (Nor), Haugensen, Philadelphia; Poseidon (Nor), Earth, New York; 5th, Jupiter (Nor), Jiahm, do.

LIVERPOOL, Aug 7—Arrived, ship Paramita, Humphrey, San Francisco; bark Finella (Nor), Andersen, Cocaigne; 8th, steamers Lake Nepigon (Br), Tranmer, Montreal; Baltimore (Br), Trenery, Baltimore; bark Eliza Everett (Br), Andrews, Pensacola.

Sailed 7th, bark Eleanor (Br), Mechler, Montevideo; 8th, steamer Missouri (Br), Penland, Boston.

LONDON, Aug 8—Arrived, ship Victory (Nor), Natvig, Quebec; barks Eliezer (Nor), Gunnefsen, St John, NB; Frithjof (Nor), Johannesen, Quebec.

Sailed 8th, Astraea, for Miramichi.

Also sailed 8th, bark Madre Rosa (Ital), Maggio, New York; schr Grace (Br), Truscott, St Johns.

LIZARD, Aug 7—Passed, steamer Storm Queen (Br), Wilson, Montreal for London.

LISBON, Aug 5—Arrived, bark Elfin (Bos), Koller, Boston; 4th, steamer Carranza (Sp), Uribe, New York.

Sailed 6d, bark Satema (Rus), Bystrom, Miramichi.

MARSELLA, July 31—Sailed, steamer Eolus (Br), for Philadelphia.

PADSTOW, Aug 6—Arrived, bark Giulietta (Ital), Gazzale, Darien.

PLYMOUTH, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Wieland (Ger), Hebich, New York for Hamburg (and proceeded).

QUEENSTOWN, Aug 8—Arrived, ship Linlithgowshire (Br), Stott, San Francisco.

Passed Fastnet 8th, steamer Roman (Br), Williams, Boston for Liverpool.

ROTTERDAM, Aug 6—Sailed, ship Jarlsberg (Nor), Bjonness, New York.

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Ebenezer (Nor), Gundersen, Quebec.

SHARPNESS, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Frey (Nor), Bjerke, Parrsboro, NS.

SMYRNA, July 31—Sailed, barks Ascensione (Ital), for New York; Aug 6, Tri Sins (Aus), Anticli, do.

WEST HARTLEPOOL, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Alpha (Nor), Grono, Quebec.

FOREIGN PORTS.

BUENOS AYRES, July 8—Arrived, bark Widga (Sw), Boeleusen, Savannah.

Sailed July 3, bark Genova, Gregory, United States.

Cleared July 6, brig Havilah, Coombs, United States.

BAHIA, July 1—Sailed, schr Brigitta (Ger), Nodop, New York; 5th, bark Adelphia (Nor), Peterson, do; brig John T Ives (Br), Mann, Halifax.

FATHER POINT, Aug 8—Passed, steamer Sarnia (Br), Gibson, from Liverpool for Montreal.

HALIFAX, Aug 8—Sailed, steamer Australia (Br), McRitchie (from London), Boston.

HEATH POINT, Aug 8—Passed, steamer Norwegian (Br), Stephen, from Glasgow for Montreal.

MONTEVIDEO, July 8—In port, barks Fortuna (Nor), Larsen, for New York; Agor (Nor), Olsen, for do; Tetons (Nor) for Boston; Tremont, Linnell, Bertha, Benjamin and Carrie Heckle, Prince, unc; schr Fannie Whitmore, Green, for Boston; yacht Carmellia, Snow, New York for San Francisco, repairing.

ROSARIO, June 30—Sailed, bark John E Chase, Parks, Boston.

In port July 4, barks J H Chadwick, Foster, for New York; Michele B (Ital), Bartelotte, do.

RIO JANEIRO, July 16—Arrived, bark Elba, Reed, Rosario.

Sailed July 18, bark Norma (Nor), Matreosen, Tybee; schr Rapid (Br), Dakin, Barbados.

In port July 18, ship Nancy Pendleton, Pendleton, unc; barks Amy Penfield, for New York; Com Pedro II, Johnson; Julia Rollins, Reed, and Mary G Reed, Warren, unc.

YOKOHAMA, to July 25—Sailed, ship Big Bonanza, Andrews.

YARMOUTH, NS, Aug 8—Arrived, schr Elizabeth Dehart, Mottspro, Elizabethport, NJ.

AMERICAN PORTS.

APALACHICOLA, Aug 8—Cleared, schr Agnes I Grace, Small, Philadelphia.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug 8—Arrived, schrs F P Lee, Kennebec River; G W Anderson, New York; G M Brainard, do; Samos, New Bedford; T C Coleman, Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Aug 8—Arrived, steamers William Lawrence, Foster, Savannah; Chatham, Hallett, Boston; Frostburg, Mills, do; Wm Woodward, Young, New York; bark Charles B Lefurgey (Br), Reed, Montevideo; schrs City of Jacksonville, Stilwell, Brunswick, Ga; Nathan Lawrence, Conner, Providence; S J Fooks, Henderson, Kennebec; Jennie F Willey, Chadwick, do; James W Drury, Criswell, do; Cora, Studley, do; Woodward Abrahams, Snow, do; Belle Hardy, Baker, do; Harry Prescott, Turner, Bangor; John Rose, Adams, Boston.

Cleared—Steamers Charles F Mayer, Anthony, Portland (and sailed); Fanny Cadwallader, Hart, New York; schrs Mary E Collins, Somers, Bath, Me; Frank Herbert, Herrick, Saco; George E Young, Baker, Boston; Charles L Mitchell, Frost, do; Maggie J Smith, Bennett, do; Edward Stewart, Harlow, Bangor; H E Tilton, Harris, Bridgeport; Caleb S Ridgeway, Townsend, New York; T W Dunn, McFarland, do; Isaiah D Chambers, Lane, New Haven (last eight sailed); W A Crockett, Hutchings, Frankfort; River and New York; C C Dame, Daniels, Boston.

Sailed—Steamer Peverll (Br), Aspinwall.

BEAUFORT, SC, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Bedford (Br), Aitkenhead, Philadelphia via Port Royal; schrs Joseph Souther, Watts, Bangor; A & H Blanderman, Philadelphia.

BANGOR, Aug 8—Cleared, brig Moraney, Wass, Port au Prince; schrs Flora A Rogers, Rogers, Baltimore; Stella M Kenyon, Pendleton; Menawa, Alexander; Mary Musse, Hardy, and Edwina A Stevens, Kendall, New York.

BOOTHBAY, Aug 8—Arrived, schr Connecticut, Eldridge, Bangor for New York.

CHARLESTON, Aug 8—Arrived, schr Nellie W Howlett, Bucklaw, Bath.

Sailed—Steamers Delaware, Winnett, New York; Virginia, Hearne, Philadelphia.

CALAIS, Aug 7—Arrived, schr Willie De Wolfe, McGwyre, New York.

DARIEN, Ga, Aug 8—Cleared, steamer Merola (Br), Tilbury, England.

FERNANDINA, Aug 8—Arrived, bark Boston (Nor), Amundsen, Barbados.

FALL RIVER, Aug 8—Passed, schrs Elwood Burton, Robbins and Sally W Ludlam, Hemphill, from Somerset for Philadelphia; A J Miller, Crowley, do for New York.

GEORGETOWN, Aug 8—Arrived, schr J H Parker, Brewster, New York.

GEORGETOWN, DC, Aug 8—Arrived, schrs Nina Tillson, Achorn, Kennebec; Carrie Holmes, Cranmer, Philadelphia.

Cleared—Schr Mary Ellen, Buttler, Baltimore.

HYANNIS, Aug 7—Arrived, schr J H Perry, Kelly, Tiverton, RI, for Weymouth (and sailed).

Sailed—Schrs J W Clark, Wm Butman and E T Gandy, for eastern ports; E S Baymore, H E Barber, and Empress, for Salem; E F Crowell, for Wellfleet; H Lollis, for Dover, NH; Brunette, for Bangor; S S Kendall, for Orington, Me; Theresa Wolf and Nellie Lamper, for Lynn.

Passed—Schr America, for Boston; Saylor, Wood, for Washington; J I Sanford, P O Dame, J May, and Wm T Donnell, for Philadelphia.

8th—Arrived, schr E Stanley, Coombs, New Bedford for Lincolnville.

Wind, 5 PM—SE, fresh.

KEY WEST, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Alamo, Risk, Galveston (and sailed for New York).

NORFOLK, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Berkshire, Parker, Boston; schr Oliver Ames, Handy.

Sailed—Steamer George Appold, Warren, Philadelphia; schrs Fortuna, Rich, Boston; James Boyce, Crosley, New Haven; Robert T Clark, Sanderson, New York.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va, Aug 8—Arrived, steamers Seneca, Walker, West Point (and sailed for New York); Bellingham (Br), McGregor, Pensacola.

Sailed—Steamer Stag (Br), Adams (from New Orleans), Hamburg (not Liverpool), having coaled; schr John D Williams, Pearce, New York.

NEW BEDFORD, Aug 8—Sailed, schrs L B Ives, Nott, New York; Nelson Harvey, Parker, do.

NEWPORT, Aug 8—Arrived, schr Pandora, Case, Wood's Hall for New York; James M Davies, Snow, Elizabethport; David G Floyd, Clifford, Philadelphia; Wide Awake, Lynch, New Bed for Bravo, Cape De Verde.

PORTSMOUTH, N H, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Allentown, Snasey, Philadelphia.

Sailed—Schr J R Halliday, Crammer, Philadelphia via Kennebec.

PROVIDENCE, Aug 8—Arrived, schr Lizzie Carr Brown, Apalachicola.

Sailed—Steamers John Hopkins, Foster, Baltimore via West Point and Norfolk; Tonawanda, Sherman, Philadelphia; schr Wm I Hart, Davis, Baltimore.

RICHMOND, Va, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer Roanoke, Couch, New York; schr Flyaway, Bingham, New York.

Sailed—Schrs Grace Watson, Hastings, Baltimore; Grace Van Dusen, Reeves, New York via Harrison's Landing; A P Richardson, Kenningham, Norfolk.

ROCKLAND, Me, Aug 7—Arrived, schr Mary Langdon, Emery, New York.

8th—Sailed, schr Vulcan, Lewis, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 8—Arrived, steamer City of Rio de Janeiro, Cobb, Hong Kong and Yokohama.

Also arrived, ship Thirlmere (Br), Smith, London.

Sailed—Ship Undaunted, New York.

SAVANNAH, Aug 8—Cleared, brig Annchen (Ger), Kramer, Queenstown.

Sailed—Steamer Juniata, Askins, Philadelphia; Chattahoochee, Catharine, New York.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Aug 7—Arrived, bark Bessie Simpson, Bradford, New York for Calais, Me; schrs Empire, Classin, Weehawken for Searsport; R A Bewick, Henderson, New York for Hallowell.

Sailed—Brig Sparkling Water; schrs Abby Thaxter, Alfred Keen, Albert Waite, Ilyne, Pacific, John Price, Catharine, Kate & Mary, J M Kennedy, Lottie Wills, E & Brown, W B Gargill, Iretta, Racehorse, Elva E Pettingill, Helen J Holway, Crancouli, Jonathan Cone, Fannie A Millikan, Mayday, Francis Edwards, Benjamin Burkeside, T Benedict, Robert W Benham, Harry F Parker, Lizzie L Mills, William McLeod, Lillie E (Br), Nellie Bruce (Br), Grecian Bend (Br), James E Lowell, Alligator, Terapin, Thomas Borden, Daxalo, Ella Pressey, Panora and Cox & Green.

8th—Arrived, schr Mary E Crosby, Brooks, Nantucket for New York (and sailed).

WILMINGTON, NC, Aug 8—Arrived, schrs Minnie A Ronsall, Lodge, Perth Amboy; Addie E Snow, Norton, Rockland; E Arcularius, Marston, Norfolk.

Cleared—Steamer Gulf Stream, Pennington, New York.

[From Yesterday's Evening Telegram.]

BANGOR, August 7—Arrived, schr John Bird, Bird, Philadelphia.

Cleared—Schr Dora M. French, French, Philadelphia.

BEVERLY, August 7—Arrived, schr Alice Borda, Deekes, Davenport for Kennebec River, to load for Philadelphia.

EASTPORT, Me, August 7—Sailed, schr Cayenne, Stimpson, New York.

FALL RIVER, August 7—Passed, schrs John B Carrington, Norfolk for Somerset; S S Smith, White, Amboy for Taunton; Sallie W Ponder, Lincoln, New York for do.

Sailed—Schr John P Hallock, Tisdale, New York; Rome, for do.

GLOUCESTER, Mass, August 7—Sailed, bark Mary Jane (Br), Christian, St John, NB, to load for Liverpool; schr West Side, Gammon, New York.

HYANNIS, August 7—Arrived, schr J H Perry, Kelly, Tiverton, RI, for Weymouth (and sailed).

Sailed—Schrs Boston, Knox, E M Hawes, Handy; M B Wellington, Robbins; Oliver Scofield, Crowell and Perseverance, Willard, Boston; Grace Andrews, L C Ballard, G W Fennimore, F P Odiorne, F S Dow, F W Haven, J Morrow and F Nowell, for do; J W Clark, William Butman and E T Gandy, for Eastern ports; E S Baymore, H E Barber and Empress, for Salem; E F Crowell, for Wellfleet; H Lollis, do; Dover, NH, Brunette, for Bangor; S S Kendell, for Orington, Me, Theresa Wolf and Nellie Lamper, for Lynn.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla, August 7—Arrived, schr James H Woodhouse, Herrick, Bangor.

Cleared—Schr Fanny Tracy, Tilton, New York.

NEW BEDFORD, August 7—Arrived, schrs Cornelius, Horner, New York; Charles A Briggs, Mammott, Baltimore; Alice H Belden, Cotter, New York; M E Graham, Beaufort, NC.

Sailed—Schrs Black Swan, Connor, Morehead City; Eurotus, Barlow, New York.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass, August 7—Sailed, steamer Panther, Warrington, Philadelphia; schr Elias Ross Lewis, do.

NEW HAVEN, August 7—Arrived, schrs Theodore A Dean, Blake, Philadelphia; S A Bishop, Carter, and Mary Stewart, New York.

Cleared—Bark Conddonza (Ital), Parodi, New York; schrs M A May, Jarvis, Philadelphia; George Aery, Rogers, Norfolk; C H Volsmaier, French, Jersey City; "Baylis," Walters, New York; E T Duncan, Broderick, do; sloops Emperor, Dowtck, do; Belle of the Sea, Harris, do.

NEWPORT, August 7—Arrived, schr Argo, Gurney, Marion.

Sailed—Schr Millie Frank, Edwards, New York.

NORFOLK, August 7—Arrived, steamers Chatham, Hallett, Boston; George Appold, Foster, Providence; schrs M D Cranmer, Matthews, and Thomas G Benton, Anderson, New York.

Sailed—Steamer Allegheny, Taylor, Boston; schrs Laura O Wolff, Hopkins, Philadelphia; D B Steelman, Loveland, Chickahominy to load for New York.

PORTSMOUTH, NH, August 7—Arrived, schr Lucinda G Potter, Potter, Philadelphia.

Sailed—Schr Thomas H Garland, Kelley, Dover for Philadelphia.

ROCKLAND, Me, August 7—Arrived, schr Richmond, Stearns, New York.

Sailed—Schrs Allie Oakes, Merriam, and Fannie & Edith, Warren, New York.

WARREN, August 7—Arrived, schrs Charles F Stickney, Ireland, Norfolk; Horizon, Lest, Port Johnson.

Sailed—Schr Katie G Robinson, Lake, Philadelphia.

WICKFORD, August 7—Arrived, schr J B Worthington, Hatch, Amboy.

The Evening Telegram of yesterday published fifteen special telegrams from American ports, containing twenty-two arrivals and twenty-six departures of vessels, none of which appeared in any of yesterday morning's papers.

YACHTS, SHIPS, STEAMBOATS, &c.

A.—ESTABLISHED 1873. MANNING'S Yacht Agency, 53 Beaver st. Yachts of all descriptions for sale and charter. Catalogue mailed free.

A COVERED BARGE FOR SALE, 130X30X6, WITH house and top, new, A1; suitable for carrying hay and straw, can be purchased cheap. Scows and Barges for charter and sale. Apply to JOHN GIBSON, agent, 100 Broad st., New York.

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FOR SALE—STEAM YACHT CHEAP, ABOUT 40 feet in length, 9 feet beam, new boiler and engine, all in perfect order, can be seen foot Court st., Brooklyn. S. A. LAWRENCE, Dewelay & Lawrence Ship Yard.

FOR SALE—SLOOP YACHT, 31 FEET BY 12 FEET beam, in good order. To be seen at O'BRIEN'S boathouse, Canarsie, L. I.

FOR SALE—CABIN YACHT, 29 FEET, WELL found, perfect order, price $350. Address SLOOP, Herald office.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER—SLOOP YACHT, 32 feet long; able, fast, well found. 171 Broadway, room 8.

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FOR SALE—A PROPELLER, 85 FEET LONG, 18 feet beam, 8 feet depth of hold, engine 24x24; will be sold low. Address PROPELLER, Herald office.

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SALE, CHARTER—SEVERAL PROPELLERS AND Tugs, cheap. Charter—A Cruising Steam Yacht. Contractor for building steel, iron vessels. Steam vessel circular. SAMUEL HOLMES, 120 Front.

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TUGBOATS, PASSENGER AND FREIGHT STEAMers and Vessels of all descriptions for sale and charter. MANNING'S General Shipping Agency, 53 Beaver st.

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$350 WILL BUY FINEST 18 FOOT STEAM Launch afloat; new, complete every way, hull built by McGiehan, machinery and boiler by Hancock. HANCOCK machinist, 5 and 6 Liberty place, up stairs, back.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COSTAR'S EXTERMINATORS DESTROYS ROACHES, cockroaches, Costar's Exterminators destroys bed bugs; Costar's Exterminators destroys rats, mice. Costar's Exterminators destroys fleas, ants, flies, not poisonous. 413 Broome.

FROM THE LATE COLONEL D. McDANIEL. OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

JEROME PARK, June 21, 1884.

This is to certify that I have used DR. TOBIAS' HORSE VENETIAN LINIMENT and DERBY CONDITION POWDERS on my race horses, and found them give perfect satisfaction. IN FACT THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO CURE any ailment for which they were used. The Liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off. IT HAS MORE PENETRATING QUALITIES THAN ANY OTHER I EVER USED, which I suppose, is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The Derby Powders are made from the recipe of DERBY POWDERS are made ... by DR. TOBIAS. THEY ARE PERFECTLY HARMLESS. D. McDANIEL.

Sold by the druggists and dealers.